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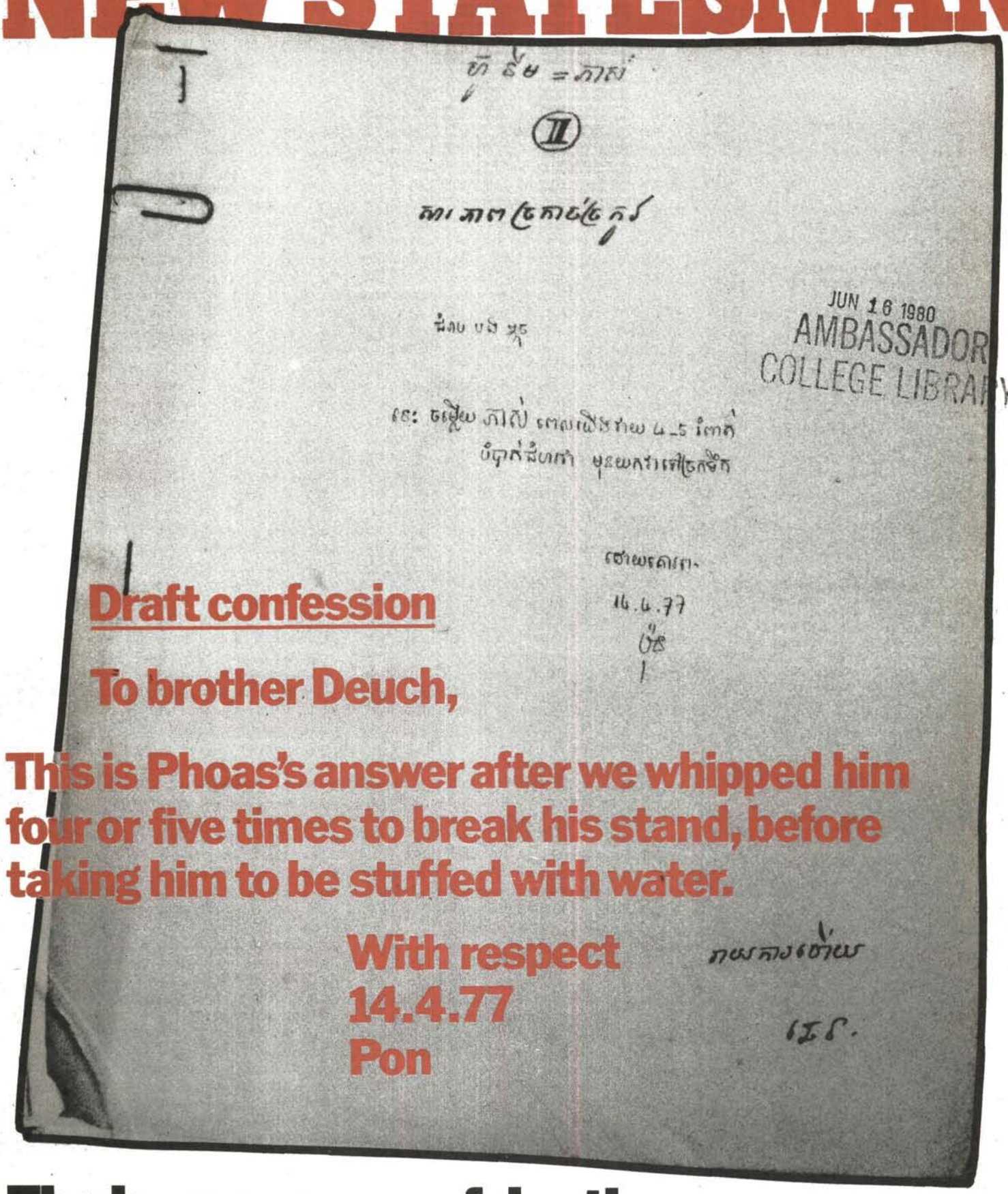
NEW STATESMAN



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Draft confession

To brother Deuch,

This is Phoas's answer after we whipped him four or five times to break his stand, before taking him to be stuffed with water.

With respect
14.4.77
Pon

The bureaucracy of death:
Documents from inside Pol Pot's torture machine

'Supporting' Carter: the one-way alliance
Goodbye to the dole/Workers desert Thatcher

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol 99 2 May 1980 No 2563

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The need to understand Tuol Sleng

THIS WEEK, we devote eight central pages of the NEW STATESMAN to one specific catastrophe of contemporary politics — having taken the trouble, for the sake of photographic reproduction, to use something a little better than our usual newsprint. A word of explanation may be in order.

No-one needs persuading that the modern world is an unnerving place. The Iranian crisis, reported elswhere in the paper, is evidence enough of that. But our aim is to show that recent history, however terrible, can still be charted and that the effort to do so may be one of the requirements of survival.

We have obtained, translated and analysed a fraction — admittedly small — of the interrogation records left behind in Kampuchea (Cambodia) by the ferocious regime of Pol Pot. We believe they are genuine — they were requested, rather than being offered by the present masters of the country — and that they provide a remarkable portrait of a bureaucracy entirely corrupted by mania.

The disease, or something similar, has been seen before, on larger or smaller scale: there are the names of Hitler, Stalin and Amin, and parallels of a sort going back into European religious history. But it's rare for the clinical details to be available: the inner records of Stalinism, for instance, remain secret, and those of most other paranoid tyrannies are fragmentary. Luckily the victors of 1945 had ample resources, and were able to ensure that the Gestapo's records could not melt away.

BUT AT PRESENT no such resources are available to deal with the archives at Tuol Sleng, which on the evidence of our centre pages possess something of the same importance. Neither the present Kampuchean government, nor the Vietnamese on whom they depend, have sufficient financial, organisational, or indeed emotional surplus to devote to the work.

Nutrition is a question which must take precedence over historical research: even if it did not, the Vietnamese do not have numerous scholars educated in Khmer. The archivists, historians, political scientists and psychologists required to clarify the Tuol Sleng record, and possibly make sense of the Pol Pot phenomenon, cannot be found in Kampuchea — a community on the brink of existence, where a workable photocopier is a rarity.

In truth the custodians of Tuol Sleng — some of them survivors of the process conducted there — have performed heroically in making even a preliminary codification. But they need assistance, just as those elsewhere who need to understand the Indochinese wars and — more generally — the pathology of repression, need access to the record in full.

IT OUGHT STILL to be possible to find that assistance, financial and intellectual, among the communities of the West. It must not, of course, appear as a takeover bid: the agony was suffered in Kampuchea, and that is where the copyright remains.

To be sure, the point might be made that no money should go into historical inquiry while there are people threatened with starvation. But one could ask whether such expenditures would necessarily be competitive — and repeat the highly relevant argument that those who fail to understand history may be condemned to repeat it. Certainly there are Kampuchean and Vietnamese officials whose conversation suggests that they grasp the second point.

The Vietnamese, to put it very mildly, are not political innocents. But they are aware that they initially supported the Pol Pot regime: that they misjudged its trajectory as thoroughly as most others did, and that they have no way of knowing whether the phenomenon has burned itself out.

Notoriously, little can be done in Indochina today without elaborate diplomatic calculation. A shipment of rice, or a promise of technical assistance, is apt to be seen as part of a chess game, where China and the West supposedly take one side, and the Vietnamese and the USSR supposedly take the other. It is not impossible to find people attached to either camp who think the contest a deplorable one. For the present, nonetheless, the impasse is substantial.

But must a historical inquiry automatically be enmeshed in diplomatic intrigue? For the present Kampuchean government, and for the Vietnamese who underpin it, there could be an opportunity — if they wish to take it — for showing that they can make calculations beyond the immediate profit-and-loss of propaganda. Serious scholars, obviously, could only undertake work if they had real guarantees of independence. Politicians who have just emerged from one war, and live regularly with the fear of another, cannot be expected to accept such a proposition easily.

Yet people in Hanoi and Phnom Penh might also calculate that an unassailably non-partisan record, could provide some degree of insurance against any projected rehabilitation of Pol Pot and his gang.

The historical purpose alone would be worthwhile, if the resources and the people can be found. But there is also the chance, however faint and distant, that something else could follow. One need not be an outright supporter of Hanoi and all its works to see that the suffering of Indochina — something intolerable in its own right, even if it were not a danger to the world — cannot be rapidly ameliorated unless some progress can be made with the problems of diplomatic recognition and national legitimacy.

Perhaps these problems are insoluble short of some further warfare — which would be appalling, if true. But certainly there will be little progress made while the Vietnamese and their local allies remain in isolation which they have partly induced themselves, and partly had imposed on them.

When societies are isolated from each other, it is worth searching out every scrap of legitimate common purpose, for a discourse which begins in one narrow area will sometimes broaden out with time. It is reasonable to surmise that the disease which attacked Cambodia had some of its origins in the West and that the aerial onslaught launched by Nixon provided the conditions for its spread. There could be nothing more legitimate than an honest attempt to understand the course it took. If exchanges on a matter of historical research were to assist in ending the barrriers between Kampuchea, Vietnam and the West, so much the better. If not, they are justifiable, and indeed urgently necessary in themselves.

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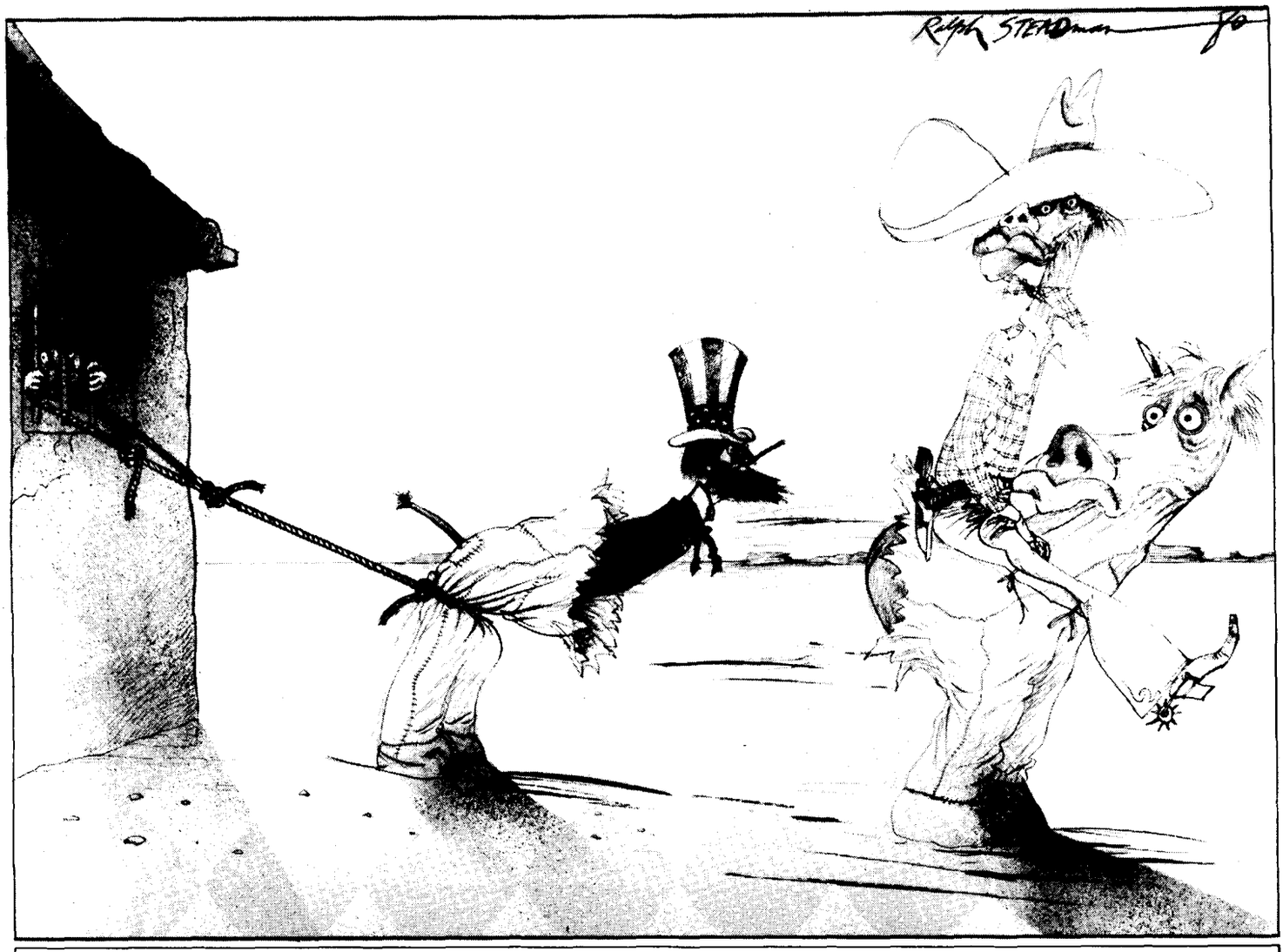

NOTES

Girl dies after camping at Over Stowey

Judith Cook writes: In August 1978 the Co-operative youth group, the Woodcraft Folk, held a camp at Over Stowey in the Quantocks. They took their water from the stream which was later learned to be contaminated with some unknown substance.

Within days most of the 40 children were ill. They all developed a severe skin rash and most of them also had severe stomach upsets, including vomiting, very like the 'Stowey Tummy' described by local GP David Matthews as affecting his patients every time it rained.

Mrs Sylvia Grant's 12-year old daughter was particularly affected and, in fact, was never really well after her return. In April 1978 a rare form of cancer was diagnosed and in December 1979, she died. Another camper, a young boy, has also been ill since, with a totally undiagnosable wasting fever which is still reducing his weight and sapping his energy.

Mrs Grant says that although forestry workers were going about their business during the camp, she does not know if they were spraying 245-T at the time. But she has been puzzled at the chain of events. 'I only made the connection when I saw the NS piece on Over Stowey', she said. Nothing can bring her daughter back to life but she feels the story should, at least, be publicly known.

Heseltine the stonewaller

Steve Schifferes writes: Public spending on housing is projected to fall by 50 per cent in the next five years. Yet when Secretary of State Michael Heseltine appeared before the Select Committee on the Environment last week, he admitted that his Department had *no* estimates of the likely effects of these massive cuts, no definite plans as to where such cuts might fall, and no idea of the overall housing needs of the country. The government's strategy appears to be based on the bold assertions that housing conditions have undoubtedly improved during the last thirty years and that, in the long run, government policies will change the economic climate in such a way as to encourage private enterprise to provide housing. (Palliatives of that kind will be of little comfort to the many building firms currently facing bankruptcy.)

Mr Heseltine astounded many in the crowded committee room with his assertion that the Government's plan to reduce council house building only reflected the wishes of local authorities — demonstrated by the fact that council building had fallen by 50 per cent during the reign of his Labour predecessor! Ignoring the effects of Labour's own public expenditure cuts and introduction of controls on capital spending, Heseltine went on to say that councils were even failing to spend the money they had been given for housing — as evidenced by a 15 per cent shortfall on last year's Housing Investment Programmes (HIPs). This must have struck many councils as ironic: just a few months earlier the DoE had given councils on average only half the money they had bid for in their HIP submissions, and the allocation was made so late (one month before the financial year began) that further underspending is now almost inevitable.

The government tried again to hide behind local autonomy in arguing that it could make no more forecasts about council house building because of the new freedom it was giving to councils to amalgamate all capital spending — both from housing and other areas — into one block. Yet while councils will be 'free' to administer greatly reduced budgets, central government will determine the overall distribution of cuts between capital (eg new building) and current expenditure (eg higher rents). The Labour government concentrated its cuts on capital spending, protecting rents at the expense of those on the waiting list, but the Conservatives are committed also to raising rents substantially in real terms — and have taken power for central government to force councils to do so in a new subsidy system which will come into effect in April 1981.

The government appears to be moving towards treating public housing like a nationalised industry, rather than a social service. This would mean that new investment in building could only be financed from retained profits (ie higher rents) or sale of assets (though the sale of council houses will raise relatively little capital, since relatively few are privately financed). But two crucial factors distinguish housing from other nationalised industries. The first is the uneven geographic spread over 403 different councils: inner cities, for example, would be least able to generate internal resources. Second, as housing is not a monopoly industry, continual rent rises will ultimately lead to increased demand in the private sector. Of course, that is the whole point of the government's strategy, but it spells disaster for the poorest families who will be left behind in council housing.

Union and Labour backing for European CND

Denys Blakeway writes: Support has been mounting for the European Nuclear Disarmament Campaign since its launch last Monday. An inter-trades union group, backed by Moss Evans and other senior TGWU officials, has been formed to oppose the deployment of cruise missiles and the Soviet SS20 in Europe. They plan to contact similar groups throughout Europe in a series of 'lateral initiatives' to mobilise international opposition. Similar action is being taken by an all-party parliamentary group and by churches and universities throughout Britain.

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Eleven members of Labour's NEC — not far short of a majority — have joined the campaign. They will work for a change in Labour's nuclear weapons policy. In particular they regret the failure of the party to unite in opposing the location of medium-range nuclear missiles in East Anglia.

One indication of the growing concern about the possibility of nuclear war in Europe is that this new campaign has united groups hitherto inclined to go their own ways. Members of both CND and the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation sit on the campaign's co-ordinating committee.

The members of the committee, with their counterparts across the Channel, are organising two European conferences: first a preliminary meeting and second, it is hoped, a massive demonstration of international solidarity against the imposition of medium-range nuclear weapons on European citizens on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Who did what when the train stopped coming?

Mick Hamer writes: A bus is not an adequate replacement for a train according to the results of a study of railways axed by Beeching*. The study, which analysed the social impact of the closure of ten railway lines out of a total of 47 closed since 1968, was carried out by the Policy Studies Institute. The researchers discovered that only half of the former rail users switched to the replacement bus after closure; the rest either travelled by car or could not make their journeys.

The closure of a railway has a surprisingly strong and persistent impact on rural communities. Although the trains themselves were obviously not well used — otherwise there would not have been a case for closure — the use of the railway was quite widespread. Over half the population had used the train in the year prior to closure.

Generally use of the railway was spread fairly evenly throughout the community. Closure produced a more or less straight split, with car owners travelling by car and those without cars travelling by bus (or not travelling at all). The bus failed to attract a significant number of car owners. There is also evidence that closure forced some people to buy cars for the first time. Over a third of respondents in the survey who bought cars subsequent to the closure claimed that their decision had been 'strongly influenced' by the closure.

As would be expected the closure had a greater effect on social and leisure activities than on essential journeys such as going to work. One quarter of optional activities — such as visits to the cinema or day trips to London — simply stopped with closure of the railway, and a further third of activities were enjoyed less frequently. The people who suffered most from this social deprivation were the non-car owners, the poor, women, and the elderly.

Despite the poor condition of most of the rolling stock on these lines prior to closure, respondents were almost unanimous in preferring a clapped-out train to a comfortable bus. Trains were voted more comfortable, convenient and more reliable than buses. The only respect in which buses scored was that bus stops tended to be nearer and more accessible than railway stations.

One of the important functions of the lines surveyed was to act as feeders to main railways. And an argument used to justify further rail closure by hawks in British Rail is that replacement buses will enable BR to cut costs and keep the 'feeder' traffic on the main network. The PSI report shows that BR are likely to lose much of the traffic on their mainline network that originated on the branch lines. Respondents were asked how often they travelled by rail, both before and after the closure. The results of the Alston to Haltwhistle closure are typical. Before closure just under one third of users travelled on the main line rail network at least once a month, after closure this dropped to one per cent.

But perhaps the most surprising finding of the study is that although people have obviously had to adapt to living without the railways they were still resentful: 'It is clear that the extent of . . . feelings of upset and resentment among former rail users about the withdrawal of rail services is still surprisingly strong even years after the closures . . . The extent of upset varies quite considerably from area to area but this is not at all related to the length of time that has elapsed since a service was withdrawn.'

* *The Social Consequences of Rail Closures* by Mayer Hillman and Anne Whalley. Policy Studies Institute, £4.50.

Sir Ian Gilmour drops the ball

Christopher Hitchens writes: Sir Ian Gilmour is renowned at Question Time in the Commons as a man of few words. This reputation suffered a reverse in Cyprus last week, where with a series of well-chosen sentences he managed to alienate the entire Greek Cypriot press. The British High Commissioner on the island was also invited to the Foreign Ministry for *un mauvais quart d'heure* as a result of Sir Ian's remarks.

The argument arose over his refusal to characterise the Turkish arrival in 1974 as an invasion. During what the Foreign Office describe as an 'exploratory visit' Sir Ian said that 'the British government does not condone or non-condone' the Turkish military presence on the island, and opined that 'invasion means different things to different people'. He went on, in a statement which may or not have been scripted for him, to say that 'I certainly do not wish to enter into the rights and wrongs of what has taken place in Cyprus over the last twenty years. But I would certainly not say that it was all right or all wrong on one side or the other'.

Behind this diplomatese, the Cypriots fear, is an attempt to give *de facto* recognition to the Turkish occupation in the North. A similarly cavalier attitude informed Sir Ian's attitude to the British bases in Cyprus, for which the government of the island is claiming some back rent. Gilmour denied that any money was owed and added 'We believe that the Sovereign Base Areas are of use and our intention is to remain there'. He would 'not like to speculate on their wider significance or uses'. The leader of the Cyprus Socialist Party has called for all facilities for the bases to be cut off. Sir Ian seems to lack the Zimbabwe touch.

Bill gives IBA unprecedented power

Jonathan Coe writes: The Broadcasting Bill completed its committee stage last week (24 April). Amendments which would have introduced formal public hearings into the Independent Broadcasting Authority's contract award procedures were rejected by the government and not even supported by all the Labour members. For most of the 20 committee members the Bill is, in the words of Geoffrey Johnson Smith, 'not at all controversial'. It extends the life of the IBA until 1996 and among other things gives it power to set up the Fourth Television Channel. If the Bill remains unchanged after the report stage (which begins sometime next week) the IBA will emerge as one of the most powerful regulatory agencies in this country. Its procedures for awarding valuable broadcasting franchises remains unfettered by any statutory need to hold public hearings, issue public minutes, give reasons for its decisions, or meet any other of the obligations which characterise broadcasting agencies in Europe or North America. In fact, in rejecting Phillip Whitehead's amendments to Section 23 which would have brought these changes about, the Minister of State at the Home Office Mr Leon Brittan QC implied that these were methods of government alien to the British way of life. We would not be just amending Clause 23 he said but '. . . setting up a completely new system which we have not had in this country'. Neither the present government, nor the previous government have been persuaded of the benefits of securing these changes he said.

Some members of the committee were evidently confused about the present method used by the IBA to 'roll' the contracts held by the radio companies. At the moment it uses a procedure which in effect would not prevent it from rolling and renewing a company's franchise in perpetuity. Mr Brittan's statement to the committee on this point is far from clear. Parliament has the opportunity to make sure that, at the very least, the IBA must advertise the radio contracts after eight years and expose them to some kind of public commercial competition. At the moment it looks as though the new Broadcasting Act will lack even this rudimentary obligation.

Wandsworth nursery sit-in nears defeat

Judith Secker writes: Wandsworth's Tory Council failed on 25 April to obtain a repossession order from the High Court for Nightingale Lane Day Nursery, Balham — but unfortunately the reprieve is only temporary. The 56-place nursery has been occupied by local parents since its closure seven weeks ago. The parents are angry that a nursery which has served the community since 1942 should be shut at a time when day care need is greater than ever before. The Occupation Committee is demanding the reopening of the nursery and a promise of no further cuts for under fives. Rumours are already rife about the future of other nurseries in the borough.

The Council failed to get the possession order because of a technical mistake in the presentation of its case; the judge told its representatives that 'they should have done their homework'. The order will now be granted at a further hearing next Friday, and the occupying families can expect to be evicted soon afterwards.

The courtroom farce is not the first mistake made by Wandsworth's Tories, who seem somewhat flustered by the simultaneous occupation of the nursery and nearby Winstanley Junior Library. Councillor Edward Lister, Chairman of Social Services, wrote to the Occupation Committee stating that 'in the Policy Review published in December 1978, it was estimated that the Borough shortfall of such places [priority need] was less than 100'.

In fact the Policy Review deliberately gave no figures for priority need, concluding that 'there is no entirely rigorous method of determining whether there are enough day care places of a suitable standard for all children who might need places under the existing priority rules'. A Council survey carried out for the Review shows a total shortfall of 4,000 day care places. In the Housing Action Area adjacent to the nursery 40 per cent of families with children under five have both parents working — the national figure is 25 per cent.

That the Council is able to claim a low level of priority need is due at least in part to the policy of some of Wandsworth's social workers, who counsel mothers of under-fives away from nursery waiting lists. In one area parents are told that 'children are best at home with mother'. In another, they are offered help to find childminders, and if the offer is refused, parents are told to 'come back in a year'. Children who make the nursery waiting list often spend their entire pre-school years on it because of the shortage of places. The waiting lists are of course for priority children only. A low-income two-parent family does not qualify for the list, let alone the nurseries.

Many of the children who were using Nightingale Nursery have been found alternative places with childminders and this would seem to be the way in which Wandsworth is planning to cope with its day care problems in the future. Wandsworth's minders, with the exception of a small experimental group, receive no training and very little help with toys and equipment. The parents who have occupied Nightingale Nursery doubt that the childminding service can meet the special needs of inner city children.

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KELLY INQUEST
Rob Rohrer

Details produced in the coroner's court suggest there is still a case to be answered

Adding up the unreported evidence

THE VEIL OF PRIVILEGE which concealed so much of the police evidence from the Jimmy Kelly inquest is to be challenged in the Queen's Bench divisional court. This will form the chief ground in the Kelly family's appeal to have the inquest verdict of death by misadventure quashed. It coincides with growing disquiet among some senior High Court judges over the unsuitability of ordinary coroners, usually solicitors or medically-trained people, to preside over inquiries into suspicious deaths in police custody. Such inquests, they feel, quickly turn into quasi-trials raising complex points of law.

Last week a senior Home Office adviser told the *Sunday Times* the Kelly inquest had 'failed to clarify the responsibility of the police one way or the other'. In the end it satisfied no-one. But before the Home Secretary's premature decision to rule out any further inquiries into the Kelly affair, satisfaction abounded in the columns of certain newspapers.

For *The Times* the 'bright light of the coroner's court' had done the trick; while the *Daily Mail,* hardly pausing from its frenetic witch-hunt for Marxist manipulators, borrowed the coroner's own description and called the inquest 'exhaustive'. In the *Evening Standard* reporter Ferdinand Mount proclaimed Kelly the 'folk hero of the anti-police left' and suggested the NEW STATESMAN's investigations were less than thorough. To support this Mount resorted to a carefully truncated version of the pathologist's opinions on how Kelly might have suffered his injuries and met his death.

Dr John Benstead, recalled Mount, said Kelly's trivial injuries did not suggest he had been subjected to a disturbing degree of violence. No mention of what Benstead had said in cross-examination. He had agreed, in fact, that it was a definite possibility that the marks on Kelly could have come from repeated kicking and punching. The bruising on Kelly's shin, next to a curious puncture of the skin, could have come from a car bumping into Kelly, agreed Benstead. (Witnesses say the police car did just that.) The deep injury to Kelly's thigh was, he said, 'a substantial injury' and could have come from kneeing or kicking, And it would have needed a 'hard blow' to fracture the jaw. 'A kick is possible, yes,' said Benstead.

Professor Usher, whose report was accepted without criticism by the Kelly family, also added in cross-examination that 'some of the injuries could have been caused by Kelly being kicked and punched.' The deep haemorrhage of the jaw was the worst he had seen in twenty years. The thigh injury, which extensively damaged the muscle, 'looked more like a kick than any other lesion on Jimmy Kelly's body'. The jaw injury, Usher accepted, could have been caused by a kick and one of the large bruises on the back was 'consistent with a kick'. It would be 'naive', said Usher, to imagine Kelly's heart failure on that night was a coincidence. He outlined other probable contributory factors — alcohol, hypoxia (a lack of oxygen to the blood: the swelling at the base of the tongue could have reduced Kelly's air intake) and surgical shock caused by his injuries.

The evidence of the three pathologists, in fact, emphasised the hesitancy that so often creeps into medical and other expert opinions but which in so many criminal cases passes largely unnoticed. 'Consistent with' is hopelessly uncertain opinion if unsupported by eye witnesses.

IN THE Kelly case there were witnesses. The consensus of the adult observers was that Kelly had been beaten unnecessarily and apparently offered little actual violence in return. But Assistant Chief Constable Gerty of the West Midlands police sharply questioned their credibility. Of some witnesses he said: 'Quite frankly I do not believe them'.

Youngsters, some of them teenagers, who said the police had struck no blows at all had their own credence severely shaken by the police admission that Kelly was punched a number of times.

Under cross-examination Gerty's own credibility and impartiality were put to the test. He admitted there were a number of eye witnesses his team had not interviewed. 'What they could actually see was far less than they put in their statements,' said Gerty. The evidence of one, Mrs Pauline Gilbert, who said Kelly was repeatedly kicked, did not match the medical evidence, claimed Gerty. She was a liar or 'grossly mistaken'. But Gerty conceded he had not spoken to her about her statement to Merseyside police nor even visited her bedroom window vantage point to check out her angle of vision.

Gerty's report to the DPP, however, did contain statements from these 'missing' witnesses. They had been copied from statements made to Merseyside police and retyped onto West Midlands statement forms — to make it look neater, Gerty told the inquest. What the DPP saw was far from an independent report from an outside force: it was a hybrid version, partly relying upon controversial detective work carried out by Merseyside police in the ten weeks it took the local chief constable to summon an outside force. Privilege protected Gerty's DPP report from further disclosure and just how far this legal blindfold, so readily applied, hindered natural justice only a tribunal of inquiry will establish.

Peter Kellner
and Robert Worcester

Thatcher loses the working-class vote

AFTER ONE YEAR of Conservative government, the Tories have lost the working-class support that won them the general election. In recent weeks, Market & Opinion Research International has analysed three voting intention polls — with a total sample of 5,617 — to analyse how party loyalties have shifted since last May within different groups.

The main message to emerge from the demographic analysis of voting patterns — see table — is that where the swing to the Tories was greatest last May, the recovery of Labour since has been most marked. Compared with a national swing of 6½ per cent, double-figure swings to Labour are found among 18-24 year olds, and among the C2 (skilled worker) and DE (semi- and unskilled worker) groups.

Young working-class voters have deserted the Tories in the greatest numbers: 18-34 year-olds in the C2DE classes gave Labour an eight per cent lead last May, but a 40 per cent lead now — a swing of 16 per cent. And it is the women who are leading the way: working-class women aged 25-34 were evenly split last May between Labour and Tory; now Labour leads by more than three to one.

The Tories have held on to their middle-class support better. What seems to be happening here is that the gradual long-term erosion of Conservative dominance is continuing, with fewer short-term oscillations. As the table shows, ABC1 voters actually recorded a one per cent swing to Labour last May; adding a 2½ per cent swing since then produces a 3½ per cent swing since October 1974 — while the Labour lead among working-class voters is almost exactly back to what it was six autumns ago.

Regionally, there are no signs of any reversal of last May's North-South split, when the Conservatives made many gains south of a line from the Mersey to the Humber, while Labour held most of its ground to the north. The swings back to Labour are broadly the same throughout Britain.

Meanwhile, Mrs Thatcher seems successfully to be stealing some of Labour's clothes in her intransigence towards the Common Market. British membership of the EEC has not been so unpopular since the referendum five years ago, when a two-to-one majority of voters kept Britain in. Now, according to MORI's Weekend World poll, just 29 per cent would vote to stay in, while 71 per cent would vote to get out (after excluding 8 per cent don't knows). Majorities among supporters of all three main parties now favour quitting — in the past a majority of Tory supporters have generally supported staying in, however rough the going has been.

Peter Kellner is on the staff of the *Sunday Times;* Robert Worcester is managing director of Market & Opinion Research International.

How they're voting now

	ALL Voters	SEX Men	SEX Wmen	AGE 18-24	AGE 25-34	AGE 35-54	AGE 55+	CLASS ABC1	CLASS C2	CLASS DE	TR. UNION Mbrs.	TR. UNION Not
	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
% of voters, May '79	100	51	49	12	21	31	36	35	34	31	30	70
VOTING INTENTION NOW												
Con	39	37	40	30	36	41	42	56	32	24	27	44
Lab	45	47	43	52	46	42	45	26	53	62	57	40
Lib	14	13	15	14	15	14	12	16	13	12	13	14
Con Lead now	−6	−10	−3	−22	−10	−1	−3	30	−21	−38	−30	4
Con Lead May '79	7	3	12	1	5	11	9	35	0	15	−18	18
Swing to Lab since May '79	6½	6½	7½	11½	7½	6	6	2½	10½	11½	6	7
Swing to Con Oct.'74-May'79	5	7	5½	9½	5	9½	3½	−1	11½	10	7	6
Swing to Lab Oct.'74-now	+1½	−½	+2	+2	+2½	−3½	+2½	+3½	−1	+1½	−1	+1

Source: MORI

N.B. The figures compare 5,672 respondents' voting intentions measured April-May 1979 (weighted to election outcome) with aggregate of MORI polls in Jan-Feb-March 1980 (n = 5,617).

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IRAN 1
Christopher Bourne

After the desert fiasco, Iranians feel God must be on their side

Carter restabilises Khomeini

VETERANS OF THE VIETNAM war now reporting in Iran have been, to say the least, taken aback by Carter's sudden disgust that the Iranians have displayed the bodies of the dead Americans. Nobody can remember protests from Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia during the Vietnam war when the Americans not only routinely displayed piles of Vietnamese bodies to prove how 'successful' the war was, but actually posed with corpses displayed like hunting trophies. while the nororious Special Forces even wore necklaces made up of human ears.

Americans will probably have to wait through another month of primaries to discover whether the fireball which blew away the American rescue attempt in the Iranian desert last week is also going to blow away Jimmy Carter's chance of staying four more years in the White House. But one thing is certain, and that is that if the Iranian government had planned the whole affair, they could not have devised a better scheme for restoring faith in themselves at a time when they seemed determined to alienate virtually every element in their own country except the hardest line Moslem faithful.

Before Friday's fiasco, there is no question that President Bani-Sadr's government was in deepening trouble both at home and abroad. It has been conducting a brutal little war aimed at smashing Kurdish moves towards autonomy in Kurdistan. It has a border war brewing with Iraq. The economy is in terrible shape and can only get worse as European sanctions begin to bite, and to cap everything, in what appeared to be a spasm of pure masochism, it turned on its own university students two weeks ago in an attempt to smash left-wing organisations it saw as potential threats to its rule. By last Friday, the wild-eyed Tehran mob, who are known as the *Hesbollahi* — the party of God — were among the few people in town who could be relied on to do exactly what the President wanted (a loyalty they had proved the week before when they served as government shock troops and smashed through the universities).

Given these woes, it was hardly unexpected that the government, from Imam Khomeini downwards, saw the hand of God involved in the failure of the American mission. The fundamentalist Islamic newspaper *Islamic Republic* immediately drew the parallel of the Great Satan's (Carter's) defeat with that of the Ethiopian King, Abrahah, who as the Koran relates was defeated at the very gates of Mecca when bringing up his heavy weaponry for a final assault. In Abrahah's case, his surprise weapon was elephants but the Koran records that a flock of swallows appeared in the air, each carrying stones, with which they bombarded the tuskers and drove them off.

Swallows had little to do with the dispersal of Carter's force A reconstruction of the events based on the visible evidence would suggest that good old American incompetence had more to do with the disaster. The official American version of what happened is that the task force of eight heavy Sea Stallion helicopters and accompanying C-130 transport planes had to abort the mission because progressive mechanical failures had reduced the helicopter force below the six needed to carry out the mission and remove the hostages. Then, the official version goes, one of the helicopters, as it was moving across the landing site to refuel, crashed into one of the C-130's, starting the disastrous blaze which burned the chopper and transport and killed the eight crewmen whose incinerated remains were found later on the site.

However the tracks of the C-130 on the packed desert grit, and the fact that the delicate blades of the chopper are unbent suggest a different story. What seems to have happened is that the chopper force reached its rendezvous safely and was waiting for the refuelling C-130 to come into refuel them before they began their dash to Tehran. The fuel-laden C-130 seems to have blundered in out of the darkness, landed, seen the parked helicopters and, while running along the ground, swerved to miss one and smashed into another-starting the blaze which ruined the mission, because the grounded choppers simply did not have any fuel to go to Tehran and back. (Those left intact on the site have almost empty tanks.) The virtually undamaged blades of the chopper which can be seen radiating from the nose of the burned out transport in aerial pictures are vital evidence. If they had been spinning, as they must have been if the chopper was moving to the transport as the Americans say, they would have been twisted and bent as they hit the plane.

ONCE THE PLANES went up, there seems to have been a hideous scramble in the darkness to get out as soon as possible. No attempt was made to blow up the abandoned helicopters, so that a rich store of evidence of American wickedness was left for the Revolutionary Guards who eventually reached the scene hours after the explosions had lit up the desert. The haul included documents and maps (one of which showed 14 sites marked, including not only the American embassy and the Foreign Ministry in Tehran where the hostages were kept, but also Imam Khomeini's house and an army barracks in distant Qom, of all places). One member of this highly trained team of professional snatchers even left his driving licence behind, and so the world now knows that Stanley E. Thomas, who drives in Virginia, has been a recent tourist in Iran.

A.P.

Ayatollah Khalkali, hanging judge of the Islamic Republic, surveys Satan's wreckage.

The team also abandoned a lethal armoury of weapons which make something of a mockery of Carter's claim that the mission was a 'humanitarian' one, aimed only at freeing the hostages and with no intention of hurting the Iranian people. If silenced submachine guns, Browning automatic rifles and fifty calibre machine guns (to name a few) are not hurtful weapons, it is hard to think what are. Presumably the team would have plunged into the embassy, which is on one of the busiest thoroughfares in Tehran, shooting as they went. It is inconceivable that there would not have been death on a fairly substantial scale, and the Americans were certainly armed to deliver it.

Just what would have happened to the several thousand foreigners still living in Tehran if the American attack on the embassy had gone ahead can, fortunately, only be imagined. As it was, the failure was greeted as a great Iranian victory, and the huge crowd, many of them *Hesbollahi* who had marched to the embassy after Friday prayers, were seen at their best, going out of their way to re-assure foreign journalists at the embassy that they welcomed them, and wanted only the blood of Carter. Their behaviour was in marked contrast to that of the week before, when many of them had broken into Tehran University and beaten hundreds of students bloody simply because they suspected them of being 'non-Islamic' (which in fact is a codeword meaning left wing).

The result of the American raid was obviously a happy one for Iran, but it means added discomfort for the hostages and may not be to the country's long term advantage. The hostages are now dispersed through various centres in the country, and for simple physical reasons will probably not live in comfort. The blatant American attempt to use armed force to solve the hostage problem has greatly strengthened the hand of the hardline Islamic fundamentalists on the ruling Revolutionary Council who have always said that Carter was a murderer who did not understand reason, and that the hostages are simply a bunch of spies who should go on trial and be punished, even with execution if necessary. They will not be told what happened, in all probability, but will know from the fact that they have been moved out of Tehran that something occurred, and from the fact they are still prisoners that something must have gone badly wrong. The moderates, including Bani-Sadr and Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, who want to return the hostages so they can get on with the real business of getting Iran back on its feet, have seen their arguments completely undercut by this latest Carter fiasco. The one wild action of an essentially moderate man in Washington has done nothing to help the moderate men in Tehran. *Tehran*

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A significant presence in world insurance

Prudential Corporation Chairman Ronald Owen reports higher profits, higher dividend.

The Prudential Corporation, formed at the end of 1978, is a major insurance group providing services in the United Kingdom and in many countries overseas. The first year of operating under the new corporate structure has gone well. We are establishing a clearer distinction between the requirements of overall group management and those of the trading subsidiaries, leading to more effective management.

Results for 1979

The Group's profit for the year at £45.6m is 10.7% higher than in 1978. Dividends declared for the year amount to 9.5p per share, almost 19% higher than last year. This leaves £17.3m retained to support the growth of the business.

The individual life and group pensions business of Prudential Assurance in the United Kingdom developed most satisfactorily. There was a strong flow of new business, and the higher return from investments enabled substantial increases to be made in bonuses to policy holders.

The life business of Mercantile and General developed well, and the business of Prudential Pensions continued to expand and increased its profit. Vanbrugh showed a welcome return to profitability in 1979.

The results of the General insurance business were disappointing. Although Prudential United Kingdom domestic business improved, the indexation of sums insured will not be completed until the middle of the year, and the account continued to be unprofitable. The United Kingdom motor account produced slightly higher losses than in 1978, due to a number of factors including the increase in VAT. As a result, premiums were further increased in February this year.

For Mercantile and General, the profit after tax on General insurance showed a reduction, reflecting a more normal level of taxation and some deterioration in underwriting results.

Finance for small companies

The view that a creative small company sector must be encouraged is now widely shared. We are very willing to commit funds to this area provided that we can use sensible commercial criteria in selecting recipients, and it is probably best if the investments are made through specialised institutions. We have made a number of investments in such intermediaries already and are currently investigating other possibilities. In addition, in the field of property investment, we are financing a number of industrial estates consisting of "nursery units" suitable for small new enterprises.

Newman Industries case

Shareholders will have read of the success of the High Court proceedings taken by Prudential Assurance in relation to the affairs of Newman Industries, a company in which we were a leading shareholder, when the cause of action arose in 1975. It is rare for our concern at the conduct of a company's business to lead to a court hearing, but the case has shown that legal action may be more effective than an inquiry by Department of Trade Inspectors, whose powers are probably more restricted than the High Court's.

Life assurance premium tax relief

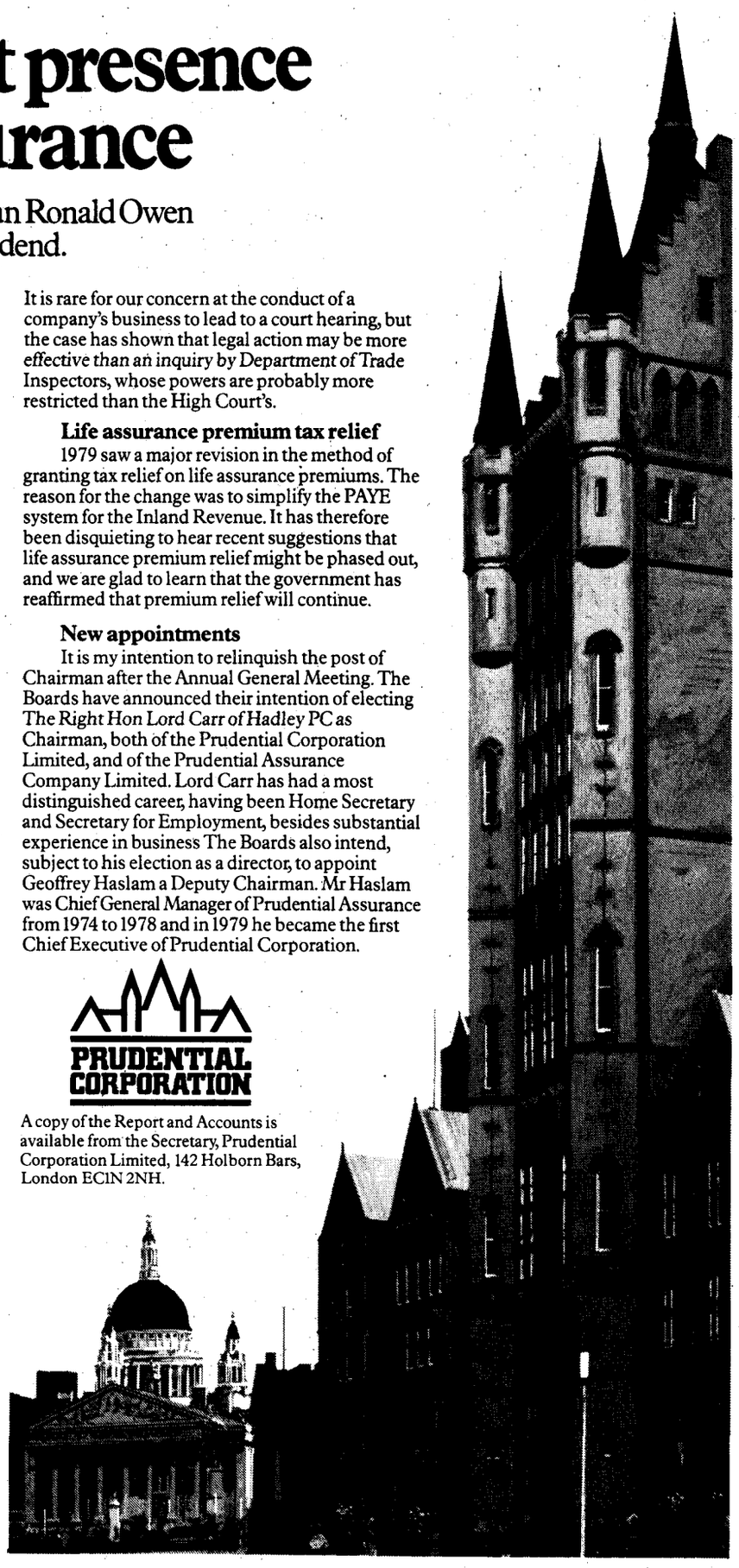
1979 saw a major revision in the method of granting tax relief on life assurance premiums. The reason for the change was to simplify the PAYE system for the Inland Revenue. It has therefore been disquieting to hear recent suggestions that life assurance premium relief might be phased out, and we are glad to learn that the government has reaffirmed that premium relief will continue.

New appointments

It is my intention to relinquish the post of Chairman after the Annual General Meeting. The Boards have announced their intention of electing The Right Hon Lord Carr of Hadley PC as Chairman, both of the Prudential Corporation Limited, and of the Prudential Assurance Company Limited. Lord Carr has had a most distinguished career, having been Home Secretary and Secretary for Employment, besides substantial experience in business The Boards also intend, subject to his election as a director, to appoint Geoffrey Haslam a Deputy Chairman. Mr Haslam was Chief General Manager of Prudential Assurance from 1974 to 1978 and in 1979 he became the first Chief Executive of Prudential Corporation.

PRUDENTIAL CORPORATION

A copy of the Report and Accounts is available from the Secretary, Prudential Corporation Limited, 142 Holborn Bars, London EC1N 2NH.



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IRAN 2
William Shawcross

Carter paid a high price for ignoring Cyrus Vance

The President is dropped by his pilot

IN WASHINGTON today conversation tends to be alarming: it often turns to war. Will he, won't he, can he avoid it, does he wish to do so?

The 'he' in question is sometimes Jimmy Carter. Sometimes it is his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, a man who seems now to be regarded with almost as much contempt, and with a good deal more fear, than Richard Nixon at his nadir. That fear has increased considerably now that Cyrus Vance's restraining hand has gone.

Vance's resignation on a point of principle — disagreement with the mission to rescue the hostages in Iran — has been greeted with awe as well as trepidation. The awe is because Cabinet officers rarely do such things. Journalists have recalled that the last Secretary of State to be so noble was William Jennings Bryan, who resigned from Woodrow Wilson's cabinet in 1915 in protest over policy towards Europe. The last Cabinet officer to make the gesture is said to be Attorney General Elliott Richardson in 1973.

Richardson and Vance are very different, however, as are the crises of 1973 and today. Now, as in 1973, events appear to be out of the President's control. But now, unlike then, this seems ominous. Then it was clear that Nixon's actions were those of a guilty man. The process of discovery was at the same time illuminating and encouraging: the system was working. Now the system seems broken apart.

I was once told by a distinguished editor well known to readers of the NEW STATESMAN that there are two basic newspaper stories: 'We name the guilty men' and 'Arrow points to the defective part'. In October 1973 the story was obviously of the first kind: there was no doubt as to the guilty men, the exciting question was whether they would ever be brought to book. Jimmy Carter is not a guilty man: we are not involved in a story of defective parts. What makes it rather frightening is that there are so many arrows pointing at so many parts. Indeed, one could be forgiven for imagining that the whole structure of US government, in its widest sense, must be defective. That is more alarming than the knowledge that criminals are abroad in the White House.

Start with the mechanical parts of the rescue mission. First there are the helicopters. Everyone knows these beasts are dreadfully inefficient and costly to maintain, and that sandstorms can destroy gearboxes with ease. Even so, for two out of eight to collapse after a 500 mile flight is hardly a testament to the effectiveness of American conventional forces. No-one pretends this was an easy operation, but it had been rehearsed for six months.

Whether the order to call off the mission was defective or not cannot be said — because we don't know what was coming next or the reason for the termination. (All that one can say is that had it been successful, Carter would seem heroic and although Vance would still have resigned post mortems like this would not appear.)

Carter says the mission was cancelled on the advice of the ground commander, because of the loss of three of the eight helicopters. That man is Colonel Charlie Beckwith, a macho figure from Vietnam whose unconventional war record, and even appearance, call to mind Kurtz in *Apocalypse Now,* before he went completely off the rails. His men are known, of course, as 'Charlie's Angels'. Beckwith's friends here are now recalling that he once gave minute-by-minute instructions to field doctors in Vietnam who were removing a machine gun bullet from his own stomach. The lesson is apparantly that he would not have given up such a vital mission because only five of the scheduled six helicopters were operational. He would have gone in with five, and either crammed everyone aboard, or stayed behind with the 'Angels'.

THE IMPLICATION is that the defect was in the Oval Office — that it was Carter who lost his nerve in the middle of the operation. Pentagon officials are now beginning to leak that the mission had originally involved many more men and planes, but that Carter cut back the numbers, anxious to be able to claim — as he does now — that it was a 'rescue mission' and not a military operation at all. (One rumour, emanating from Ronald Reagan's camp, is that Carter changed his mind because he received a Soviet warning about the mission while it was still underway.)

Next, there is the defective timing of the whole thing anyway. Here, however, some pause is necessary. It is difficult to understand the emotions that have been aroused by the hostage crisis. Since November it has been taken as both a personal and national affront: slogans have been shouted, songs cut, T-shirts printed — by millions of Americans. The TV networks have carried special daily programmes, reminding viewers of the insult.

Jimmy Carter has certainly exploited the crisis mercilessly for his electoral ends and it has served him very well indeed. But, until April, he did also try to take some of the emotion out of it, certainly here, if not in Iran. There were those who argued for military action months ago. They were disregarded. Carter now claims his mind was changed because mounting disorder in Iran threatened the hostages. In fact they were visited on 14 April for the first time by the Red Cross; one American mother ws able to see her son and more were on their way. All in all, contact seemed to be improving in recent weeks.

Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defence, for his part, says the raid took place now because the training was not finished before and because later the sun becomes too hot and the nights too short. That seems a defectve explanation, given the pressure that had been put upon the Europeans through March to join in economic sanctions — just so that such military actions might be avoided. That pressure succeeded only in April. It was Vance who had been ordered to bring the Europeans and the Japanese into line. Vance played Mutt to Brzezinski's Jeff, warning that the White House would get out of control if the Europeans and the Japanese did not do as he asked. These pleas and warnings went on through the middle of last month. And yet on April 11 — the day before Carter gave his celebrated TV warning to the allies to 'join with us' to avert military action — he gave orders for the mission to proceed.

Vance was not at the meeting on 11 April — he was away in Florida. He made his disagreement known on his return, but when Carter actually made his decision he did not know the Secretary of State would resign. Vance wrote his letter of resignation on Monday 21 April. The raid took place on Thursday the 24th. Vance's resignation was announced on Sunday the 28th.

Vance revealed last summer that he would not stay for a second Carter term — he has been a lame duck since then. He has been abused by Brzezinski as badly as William Rogers was abused by Kissinger. The absurd incident when Carter reversed the US vote on Israeli settlements in the Security Council, and Vance took the blame, was only the most blatant example. There are those now who complain that Vance was, throughout, too weak — and that his resignation was the weakest act of all. Yet there is much that Vance achieved.

Vance it was, not Brzezinski, who — with Carter — tried to reverse eight years of Kissinger and to judge events by regional and local conditions, not just in terms of competition with the USSR. It was Vance who pushed through a new policy towards Africa, particularly Rhodesia, Vance who argued for recognition of Vietnam, Vance who persuaded Carter to drop Somoza, Vance who has been urging patience with Iran.

Just what Vance's precise objections were to the rescue mission are not yet known. There are hints now that the CIA and even the Pentagon warned Carter that it would cost many, many lives. His overall objection was that military actions were inappropriate and, if unsuccessful, could only escalate.

Where indeed can Carter go from here? The hostages are said to be dispersed from the embassy — a military rescue would have even less chance than before. Yet diplomatic success is presumably even more remote. And so the political attractions of taking some further military action may grow. Especially in the face of such provocations as the display by the Iranian clergy of the dead Americans in the grounds of the embassy. And certainly if, as seems likely, Carter slips back down the polls.

I began this piece with rumours of war. Let's assume they remain only that. The fact is that they are being widely retailed here now. Carter, who has genuine achievements to his record, and who did try to reverse the pattern of American foreign policy, now seems to be a Midas in reverse. Everything he touches appears to be defective, and it is hard to have any confidence in his foreign policy advisers. 'With Kissinger's madman theory of war there was at least a theory,' says one official.

It has now become fashionable here to compare events to the inexorable drift toward war of 1914. Henry Kissinger is one who has warned that we are in such a pre-war situation. Nothing to that, one might think, from a man given to extravagant and misleading hyperbole. But another who has expressed the same fear is one of America's greatest journalists (and Kissinger's most persistent critics) I. F. Stone. 'A terrifying clock is ticking, and it may very soon be too late' wrote Stone. When two men of such opposing views agree on anything, rumours assume some substance.

Washington.

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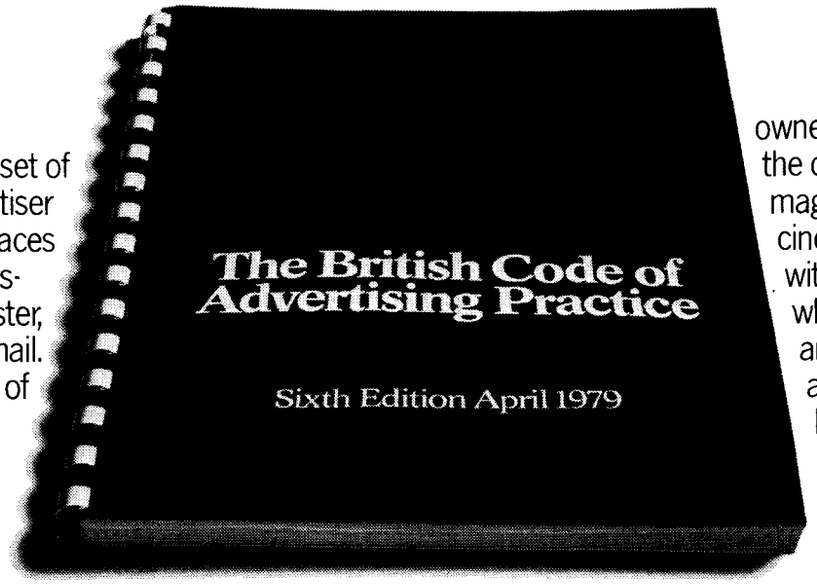
It contains 462 rules. If any advertiser breaks one, we throw the book at him.



The British Code of Advertising Practice is a set of rules to which any advertiser must adhere when he places advertisements in a newspaper, magazine, on a poster, in a cinema, or in direct mail.

Every year, millions of advertisements appear. All but a small number comply with the Code and are legal, decent, honest and truthful.

It's the job of the Advertising Standards Authority, in the consumer's interest, to weed out those offenders and, as our name suggests, to keep advertising up to standard.

That means that no advertisement can continue to run if it in any way contravenes the British Code of Advertising Practice. And that applies to the spirit of the Code, as well as to the letter.

To give you an idea of the sort of rules the Code contains, here is an example:

II. *3. Advertisements should not be so framed as to abuse the trust of consumers or exploit their lack of experience or knowledge.*

Who sits on the Council of the ASA?

The Advertising Standards Authority is an independent body.

Although it is financed by the advertising industry (who are incidentally as interested as is the consumer in banning unacceptable advertising), it works independently of the industry.

It has to be independent to be fair and unbiased about complaints.

For this reason, the Chairman is independent and so are the majority of the Council members.

For instance, in the last year we have had a Methodist Minister, a consumerist and a Member of the House of Lords on the Council.

Under the Council's supervision, a full-time secretariat works to make sure that the Code is being adhered to by the advertising industry. And that decisions made by the Advertising Standards Authority are being enforced.

What happens to an advertiser who breaks the Code?

If we believe the consumer's complaint is valid, we contact the advertiser. He will be instructed to remove the advertisement or amend it accordingly.

Because advertisers know we have teeth, the system works very quickly and effectively.

It also has the blessing of the owners of the vast majority of the country's newspapers, magazines, poster sites and cinemas, who don't hesitate to withdraw an advertisement which contravenes the Code and who would not run an advertisement which we have banned. (By the way, TV and radio advertising are dealt with by the I.B.A.)

Does the ASA keep up with changing attitudes in society?

We carry out consumer research into areas of interest. For instance, at the moment, we are looking into children's reactions to advertising. Having assessed the research findings, we will amend the Code if we feel it is out-of-date.

Does the ASA simply react to complaints from the public?

No. We conduct our own monitoring system. We regularly look at specific areas of advertising and check that advertisers are adhering to the Code without being prompted to do so.

So, if any advertiser does offend the Code, he knows what will happen to him. He'll get the book thrown at him. And it will hit where it hurts him most; at his business.

If you'd like to know more about the way we operate, please write to us at the address below.

The Advertising Standards Authority. If an advertisement is wrong, we're here to put it right.

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End the one-way alliance

NEW STATESMAN writers have been pointing out for some time now that US public opinion was working up towards support for some kind of dubious adventure against Iran. Our leader column, also, has consistently argued against the dangers of suggesting to the Americans that 'boldness' might entitle them to something like blank cheque support from other Western nations. Here GODREY HODGSON argues that President Carter's doomed rescue attempt had its roots in the essential weakness of the Presidency, and suggests that the era of automatic support for Washington may by drawing to an end.

MORE THAN HALF of the British electorate, according to the initial poll results, feel that President Carter's Iranian expedition was justifiable. We can assume that far more than a half of the opinion-formers in the press, television, the Foreign Office, Parliament and the community of experts on foreign affairs assume a position essentially similar. For some thirty-five years in this country, something close to unconditional support for US policy has been the precondition of being certified as literate in international affairs.

No such inhibitions, of course, are felt by Americans themselves, who criticise their own government's policy with the greatest freedom. And people in this country who most deeply share American feelings about democracy and freedom should be no less inhibited. Indeed, we should follow the old Tory who recommended that we 'examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent make current in conversation.'

ONE CURRENT PROPOSITION is that whatever the wisdom or folly of the President's actions, we must stand by him out of gratitude for what the United States has done for us in the past, and our consciousness of what we may want for the future.

Certainly gratitude is appropriate. For forty years now the American people have undertaken a large share of the burden of our defence, and there are some, including Labour sympathisers, who would like them to undertake more.

Certainly there are obligations of friendship, reinforced frequently by personal ties. It is natural to share American pride when things go well, and share their frustration when matters are otherwise. (Few who have lived in both countries would deny that we identify more closely with the fortunes of the United States than they identify with ours.)

But the ties of alliance, interest and honour must not forbid us from saying, for the sake of common interest, what is obviously true.

The truth is that President Carter's policy cannot be justified, and it has produced a highly-dangerous fiasco. What are the consequences of the bungled raid? It has endangered the hostages themselves, and made it far less likely that they will be returned home safely or soon. (The suggestion that the President acted because their lives were threatened for the first time seems absurd: it is the essence of any hostage's position that his life is forfeit whether his captors say so explicitly or not.)

It has endangered the situation of America's remaining Iranian friends. It has driven the faction-leaders of Iranian politics closer into their uncomfortable combination. No doubt, also, it has driven them for the time being closer to the Soviet Union — though surely not so close as Dr Brzezinski seems to assume that they have been all along.

The Soviet Union, having devoured Afghanistan with impunity, is now, fortuitously, smelling like a rose. The Western alliance is shaken to its roots, while the stability of the whole Middle East has been weakened yet again.

'AH', WE ARE ASKED, 'but what if it had succeeded?' Perhaps Cyrus Vance has given the best answer to that, by showing that he made his resignation in advance, rather than admit that such a calculation was ever sensible. The plan was radically unsound in conception, appears to have been based on insufficient intelligence, and was technologically inadequate. Surely it could not have 'succeeded' except at a price in slaughter which must have made the whole political crisis immeasurably worse.

Plainly US foreign policy, as represented by Dr Brzezinski, has not learned the lesson of the years between 1960 and 1975. They showed that while US power is very great, and can even be irresistible when deployed with restraint (as in the 1962 missile crisis) it is not infinite. The US can defend its interests, but it cannot ensure that events throughout the world develop just as the American public would like them to.

But the fashionable view in Washington is that since the fall of Saigon, US 'credibility' has been threatened by the failure to apply military power, and the President's impotence in the hostages affair is proclaimed as a final proof. That analysis depends on many dubious interpretations, and specifically on a disingenuous suggestion that the taking of the hostages was entirely unprovoked.

SENATOR KENNEDY paid highly for saying so, but the hostage crisis grows out of a quarter-century's American support of the Shah. Jimmy Carter's human rights policy did not preclude ringing endorsement of the Shah one year before his fall, and to this day America continues to collaborate with the ex-monarch and his supporters.

Surely the kidnap was a crime. No doubt most — if not all — of the hostages are innocent bureaucrats. But you must be wilfully blind not to see how the matter looks to Iranian eyes.

Perhaps Dr Brzezinski thinks that the cataclysm in Iran has been devised by the KGB, or is the recurrence of the Islamic threat to Christian civilisation.

But what has actually happened is a revolution, in the plain sense that the word is used of America in the 1770s, Mexico in the 1910s or China in 1949. A whole people has thrown off a system of government: to be sure there is much chaos, replete with dangers to America and the world. But it makes no sense to interpret these events through legalisms.

Unhappily, behind the bungling of the administration and the dangerous blindness of the foreign-policy gurus, lie two still more dangerous phenomena. There is the fragility of the modern Presidency, and the huge abyss which lies between the reality of America's international position, and the American public's perception of things.

Presidents since John Kennedy have found themselves impotent to achieve domestic reform. The campaign for re-election now begins almost with inauguration: attempts to tackle inflation, energy policy or social dislocation are defeated by Congressional resistance and the intractability of Federal bureaucracy.

So presidents have turned to foreign policy: their power to affect the real world may be even more limited, but they can bring back glittering trophies for display. After Ken-

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nedy's missile crisis, Nixon's Chinese visit, Ford's Mayaguez or Carter's Camp David there has always been a twelve-point jump in the polls. Nothing else can give the President the shot of adrenalin he needs.

JIMMY CARTER told an interviewer in 1976 that he would 'not use foreign affairs . . . to avoid responsibility on the domestic scene.' Yet he has effectively abandoned domestic policy. His campaign for re-election is kept alive by the fortuitous effects of foreign-policy crisis.

Naturally, he and his aides would fiercely deny 'using' the hostage crisis. But when the kidnap occurred, Carter's rating was in the high twenties, only a whisker above Richard Nixon's nadir. Since, he has bobbed higher and higher in the water, and now he is out of danger for nomination, if not re-election.

Did he *need* to treat the hostages matter as one of the most serious crises since Korea? Did he *need* to abandon the strategic arms treaty, as in practice he has done? It depends upon the point from which need is assessed; as we have seen, his actions have certainly not served the needs of the hostages themselves.

The truth is that Carter and his presidential rivals are constrained by their perception of the country's mood. Encouraged by media reporting which has dramatised the hostage crisis as a personal affront to every American, the American majority has found a voice — and not surprisingly, a growl. 'You can't treat Americans like this!'

The prisoners in Iran are not the first diplomats to be taken hostage (kidnapping has become the nastiest occupational hazard in what remains an agreeable profession). But they have become the focus for the American electors' resentment at the fact — which they have never been prepared for — that American omnipotence, though fed by Presidential grandiloquence, was never more than a passing illusion. And the Presidential system is so structured, and the President so devoid of support from Congress or party, or from political elites and cadres, that he dare not challenge that resentment.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN for us, who have no votes in their election? We are told by respectable opinion that the President is 'Leader of the Free World'. So he is, in terms of the power on which the present Western alliance depends. But in terms of consultation and legitimacy, there is no such office.

For more than a generation, the conditions of alliance have been accepted almost without question. But even quite orthodox people now begin to ask whether the community of interest between America and Western Europe is an automatic one.

Over Afghanistan, the President self-righteously demands European support. Over Iran, he was in the middle of asking support for sanctions which were supposedly an *alternative* to military action — when it emerged that his real decision had been for covert military action.

There are Americans, and American advocates, who will swiftly say that it is unseemly for Europeans to question the President's 'leadership' when we depend on the US for our defence. But perhaps the proper consequence of that argument is that Europe should begin to assume more responsibility for its own defence.

One should not exaggerate the speed of events. All that is plain so far is that, in Middle Eastern questions especially, American Presidents may be driven to take actions which Europeans will not be able to endorse, whatever the assumptions of the foreign-affairs community. Already those assumptions are looking rather more threadbare on the European mainland than they do in Britain.

The British Right rarely questions the exercise of American power, however much it may secretly resent it. They will wave their little tin sword whenever the President lifts the sabre. But for the Left, broadly defined, the future will bring difficult choices.

The American military-industrial system has been our enemy, as well as our accepted defender. Yet we often feel our sympathy with America to be closer than that of conservatives who rely on the US to defend their privileges while despising the equality of American democracy and the openness of American politics.

When Dr David Owen defends the Carter Administration, thereby assuming a burden which the Wall Street lawyer Cyrus Vance finds impossible, it is undignified for him and embarrassing for his whole wing of the Labour Party. But those like Peter Shore who have criticised the President's action are also those who have striven most assiduously to isolate us from the European countries whose assistance we can hardly ignore if the hegemony of Washington is to be modified. Whether they understood it or not, they have in practice helped to produce an American dependence as complete as that openly embraced by the Tories.

We do not want to be compelled to choose between Europe and the United States. This is a time when the alliances between countries which are committed, at least, to democratic practice require to be strengthened, and not weakened.

But if Presidents are going to interpret their position as 'Leader of the Free World' to mean that they may do whatever suggests itself to the pride and prejudice of the American electorate — and it will be none of our business, except that we must approve it afterwards — then a choice will have been made, and not in fact by us. The Western alliance will indeed have been weakened, and not by us.

It is a pity, if not exactly a surprise, that Mrs Thatcher and her friends do not understand what is going on. But it is much more of a pity that there are a good many people who speak for the Labour Party who still see things in terms of unquestioning obedience to Washington.

For the moment, as the opinion polls suggest, the British public may be prepared to accept adventures like the Tehran raid. They have, after all, been given over the years many lectures upon the need to do so. But it would be foolish to imagine that the stock of Presidential credit, built up many years ago, will last for ever.

The fearsome misjudgments of Lyndon Johnson, the grotesqueries of Nixon, the sad predicament of Carter — not to mention the prospect of the shallow demagogue Reagan — sooner or later add up to a clear enough message. At that point, British electors will look to their politicians for some more substantial answer than the platitudes of the last thirty-five years. And they may not be very forgiving of those who find themselves with nothing to say.

Amrit Wilson

'Drastic extension' of immigration law

ON 19 MARCH Munir Ahmed, a 24-year-old Pakistani mill worker, was asked to attend an interview with immigration officials at Manchester airport. He had applied to bring his wife into Britain so he assumed that this was a routine interview connected with it. But when he arrived he was arrested, accused of being an illegal immigrant and imprisoned. He was refused bail and was not even allowed to pick up his clothing. His crime? When he entered Britain in 1976 he had not told the immigration officer that he was married. The fact that he had not been asked this question made no difference.

Munir Ahmed applied to join his father and brother in Britain in 1973. In the three years which elapsed between then and his being granted an Entry Certificate he had not surprisingly got married. When in summer 1976 he was finally allowed into Britain he was subjected to a medical examination but he was not asked whether he was married and, since marriage is not a crime even for black people, he did not think it was in any way relevant information which he should volunteer. According to the Home Office Munir Ahmed was 'concealing a material fact'. But Steve Cohen from Manchester Law Centre, who is dealing with the case, says that this interpretation is 'a drastic extension of the law, because it places on black entrants the responsibility of volunteering to immigration officers every piece of information they could conceivably be asked for later'.

When Munir's barrister applied for a writ of Habeas Corpus at the High Court on 30 March, this was neither granted nor refused. She was told: 'We'll consider the case in several months time.' The reason behind this indefinite postponement is significant. The Court of Appeal has already heard two other cases based on similar facts and two different sets of judges have come to opposite conclusions. Now the Court is waiting for a House of Lords ruling which will decide the matter. The first case, that of Mohammed Zamir (heard last December) was won by the Home Office, when the court ruled that information which an entrant knew *or ought to have known* was relevant should have been disclosed; one of the Judges summed up with the gratuitous remark 'Gate crashers are never welcome and have no rights'. In the second case, heard in February, the Home Office lost. The ruling was that if a person arrived with a valid Entry Certificate honestly obtained, it was not up to them to volunteer further information. Now Zamir has appealed to the House of Lords and the case is to be heard in June. The decision is crucial not only for Mohammed Zahir and Munir Ahmed but for many other black people in Britain. If the appeal is lost another form of harassment will soon be considered 'reasonable' because of legal sanction. It will become possible to deport people settled here not for anything they have done wrong, but just because they are black.

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DRUGS
David Clark

Phone-tapping is not much use for intercepting heroin smugglers

Whitelaw misleads Parliament

A TINY BIT of the disquiet about the NEW STATESMAN'S phone-tapping revelations may have been eased by the Home Secretary's claim that they have been shown to be essential for trapping drug traffickers. The claim, however, is demonstrably untrue.

When he introduced his White Paper to the Commons Mr Whitelaw answered a question from Clement Freud by saying that: 'The use of telephone interception by the Customs and Excise had been of particular value in the seizure of loads of heroin and cocaine. In 1978 it had been estimated that about 62 per cent of heroin seizures and 56 per cent of cocaine seizures had resulted from interception.'

I don't know about cocaine but I do know that as far as heroin seizures are concerned, Mr Whitelaw was talking nonsense. For in choosing 1978 for his example he picked a year when up to 90 per cent of the heroin seizures by Customs and Excise were due to the activities of sharp-eyed or quick-witted uniformed officers on duty at airports and harbours. They had nothing to do with phone tapping at all.

Whitelaw's drug revelations, which are repeated in a slightly more convoluted form in the White Paper, made the *Evening Standard*'s front page lead, and they fooled me in a piece about heroin I did for the *Observer*. But in choosing 1978 for his mythical example Whitelaw picked a year when Customs had an all-time one-off record seizure of approximately 33 kilos or 55 per cent of the year's total of 58.69 kilos. The resulting court case has not yet taken place so it isn't possible to go into details. But the important thing is that the 33 kilos were spotted by a vigilant member of the Customs' new Mobile Task Force, or MTF.

The Force had been assigned to a spot check on the Motor Vessel *Huating*, which had arrived at the Royal Albert Docks in September 1978 from Penang in Malaysia. The officer noted that a Volkswagen being driven off the deck of the ship had flat tyres. When he went to look more closely he smelt acetic acid, pulled out the valve and found the smack. Another VW on the same ship was also carrying a huge quantity of heroin, so the officers waited until someone came to collect the cars and arrested them. Subsequent enquiries led to nine people being rounded up. The MTF had only been formed earlier in the year and Customs spokesmen, understandably keen to demonstrate what a good team they were, made a special point of telling reporters that they had not been tipped off about the VWs. Phone taps may have been used later in the investigation but they had nothing to do with the original find.

Other notable seizures in 1978 included three and a half kilos found after uniformed officers at Heathrow played a hunch about an American woman coming through from Bangkok. A body search revealed nearly a kilo strapped to her legs, and a love letter in her bag — about getting through Customs at Bangkok — enabled them to persuade her to 'turn round' and put another American following her in the frame. They followed him to his hotel and found a total of three and a half kilos.

Pascal Combeau was searched in September 1978 after coming through the 'Nothing to Declare' channel at Heathrow after a two day trip to Bangkok. Uniformed officers found over a kilo and a half on him. Two American women in transit were body-searched at Heathrow in October that year after the Airport Authority decided to stop using the electronic scanners for a while. Uniformed officers found nearly four kilos on those people.

In June Heathrow uniformed officers stopped two Chinese men in transit to Spain from SE Asia: they were carrying more than ten kilos in their suitcases. Since they were in transit it seems unlikely that Customs knew about it from a phone tap placed in the UK. And, in another borderline case, uniformed officers at Heathrow found two kilos in false-bottomed suitcases in the possession of two travellers from Bangkok. They were acting on a 'tip-off' too, but it isn't clear whether that was a tap: certainly they then put their companions in it when Customs staged a subsequent raid as a result of information obtained and seized another half kilo.

Even if we only take the first four cases, that's 42 kilos, or nearly 70 per cent of the total. If we add the two borderline cases, that's over 90 per cent. And phone taps played no part at all, just good, observant Customs officers doing their work. Anybody who has an off-the-record chat with Customs investigators soon realises the enormous extent to which they do tap phones. But just how much useable information they get from it for arresting heroin traffickers is anybody's guess.

Did Whitelaw know he was misleading Parliament? Apparently he read a speech prepared by his civil servants, based on figures produced by Customs and Excise, which nobody bothered to check. Asked why the discrepancy had arisen, a Home Office spokesman said he 'couldn't go any further' than the Commons statement and the White Paper.

Bob Woffinden

Gay rights test case goes to appeal

MR JOHN SAUNDERS, the handyman sacked from his job at Dounans School Camp, Aberfoyle, for no other reason than that he was a homosexual, had been given leave to appeal against the ruling of Scotland's Employment Appeal Tribunal (EAT) which upheld his dismissal. The case will be heard by the appellate division of the Scottish Court of Sessions in the near future.

Gay Rights groups and the National Council for Civil Liberties (NCCL) are concerned about the eventual outcome of the case, since it is the first time that an EAT has ruled that a person may be sacked solely on the grounds of his sexual orientation. 'Every other case of its kind has involved some other element,' says Barry Prothero, Gay Rights Worker of the NCCL, 'ranging from the wearing of badges to conviction of an offence.' This decision now appears to draw the teeth of employment protection legislation, and sets a precedent for other tribunals throughout the UK.

However, the way in which the EAT, sitting in Glasgow earlier this month, reached its decision is as disturbing as the decison itself. The three-man tribunal determined that they could not intervene in the case: if the employers (the Scottish National Camps Association) considered that it was inadvisable for a homosexual to be working in proximity to children, then that, said the Tribunal, was sufficient reason to dismiss him — irrespective of whether there was any scientifically sound basis for their opinions. Saunders' solicitor, Derek Ogg, who is also deputy chairman of the Scottish Homosexual Rights Group, said: 'I had never thought the law could be interpreted in this way; it is a test case that has gone badly wrong.'

The original industrial tribunal had heard that Saunders had been working at the camp for two years without complaint, and that he had never been convicted of any criminal offence. In addition, evidence was presented by Dr K. Wardrop, Senior Consultant Forensic Psychiatrist at Carstairs state hospital, to show that Saunders was mature and well-balanced, with no interest in children, and that in any case homosexuals were no more likely than heterosexuals to exhibit paedophiliac tendencies.

In August 1979 Saunders, having been assaulted and robbed in a pub frequented by homosexuals in Stirling, reported the matter to the police. The authorities at the camp were subsequently informed — by whom, it was never disclosed — that he was homosexual, and he subsequently lost his job for that reason.

One curious aspect of the affair is that the police had no immediate success in tracing the assailant, and Saunders himself was then charged with causing public mischief ('wasting police time'). This charge was still outstanding at the time of the original tribunal hearing in November. His trial has been fixed for March, but in February the charge against him was dropped, and his stolen possessions returned to him by the police, who offered neither explanation nor apology.

If the EAT decision is not reversed, then clearly the jobs of other homosexuals whose work brings them into contact with children will be at risk; gay teachers would appear to be especially vulnerable. But that is not all. As Ron Keating, Assistant General Secretary of NUPE, has commented, 'The logical implication of this ruling is that any worker can get the sack at whim. If the boss doesn't happen to like any particular minority group, his prejudice will satisfy the tribunal.'

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SOCIAL POLICY 1
Judith Cook

Eighty-two new staff have been employed in drive against 'scroungers'

Birmingham makes war on claimants

REG PRENTICE must be delighted with the way things are going in Birmingham. On 11 April 29 people came up before a special court there on charges of social security fraud and were fined a total of £4,800. Twenty-one of them were unsupported mothers who had done four weeks' washing up at the National Exhibition Centre in Brum during the Motor Show and had not declared their month's earnings. On Monday 14 April a further batch of single (female) parents came to court and were fined £200 each under the cohabitation ruling. These varied from women wth regular relationships but who swore the men concerned were not supporting them, to women with passing boyfriends who sometimes stayed overnight.

Apparently Birmingham has been worrying those in the DHSS who are concerned with 'scroungers', especially following a programme put out by ATV some weeks ago. In it a reporter with a most unprepossessing appearance was seen applying for social security: he put up a story that workers at Birmingham's Citizens Advice Bureau say they cannot believe would ever pass in real life; but he was filmed being given a giro cheque straight away. He then 'revealed' he was a reporter for ATV and a homily followed to the effect that it was as easy as that to get money from the DHSS in Birmingham.

Now some 82 special fraud investigators have been taken on to the permanent staff in the city and, as those who work for the CAB's Appeals Unit point out, the whole atmosphere has completely changed.

They give two typical instances of what has happened recently. A middle-aged widow claimed supplementary benefit at the end of the six months after her special widow's allowance ran out. To her humiliation she found DHSS officials had visited every house on both sides of the street where she lived asking if they had ever seen a man staying overnight with her, and encouraging reports to the office if they did. She had a happy and, she says, respectable marriage and is deeply upset and offended about what has happened.

The second concerns the mother of five children bringing up a family on her own. Out of the blue she received a letter from the DHSS in Birmingham saying that they had been to discuss her *with her solicitor* and had decided her errant husband was not paying her sufficient maintenance. They told her she should get on to him immediately and try to get the payments increased so that there could be a reduction in her social security payments. They went on to point out it was her duty to do this so that she would make less charge on the state and enclosed a stamped addressed envelope asking her to reply, by return, saying what she was intending to do. Just what right her solicitor had to help the DHSS in this way, they were not prepared to tell her.

The National Council for One Parent Families in Birmingham has been flooded with inquiries from worried mothers who have been told to chase erring men for increased maintenance. They know of a number of cases, too, where women have been called in and questioned by the DHSS about relationships they had with men — resulting in a child — going back as far as eight years. They have been asked not only how much maintenance they are getting but if they have slept with the man in the intervening period.

The new drive is being headed by the Assistant Regional Controller, Mr J. Green. The first time I tried to speak to him I was told by the switchboard he had gone home (it was 3.20 p.m.), the second time, that he never spoke to the press. I was then handed on to an official spokesman for the Department, a Mr Blacklock. However, Sue Wainwright of the Appeals Unit section of the CAB did speak to Mr Green and expressed her concern. She brought up the two cases mentioned and asked him if he did not think he was overstepping his powers. He replied, she says, 'Well it's better than a further 5p or 10p on the income tax, isn't it?'

The official spokesman confirmed to me the appointment of the 82 extra staff. They were to look into cases of fraud, to encourage the workshy to find work and to put pressure on women to get more maintenance from men to reduce the amount of state help they receive. He agreed that certainly a big drive was going on in Birmingham and the West Midlands to deal with these abuses.

The women who washed up and did not

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declare their earnings were certainly breaking the law. But the state allows just £6.25 a week to keep a ten-year old child in food, clothes, heating, lighting, fares, a roof over its head and everything else. To add to the problems of trying to keep a child on 89p a day, Child Benefit is assiduously lopped off supplementary benefit, so that the mothers in most need do not get any extra money from it. Meanwhile, working mothers with husbands earning £10,000 a year, do. It is understandable that a little money on the side is tempting.

I put this to Mr Blacklock while agreeing that the women had broken the law. What effect on the children would the payment of such huge fines have? 'They should have thought of that before they did it', the good man replied. 'Our only concern is to save the state the £50 million pounds currently lost through fraud.'

SOCIAL POLICY 2
Sue Ward & Fran Bennett

Each new attack on the Social Security system facilitates the next

A crafty demolition job

CERTAIN BUILDING FIRMS are said to make a speciality of demolishing, quite legally, buildings with Preservation Orders on them. They start by knocking down a fairly innocuous looking bit, but do it in such a way as to make another, more vital bit dangerous. Then they call in the District Surveyor, who sticks a Dangerous Structure Notice on it and orders them to demolish it forthwith. In doing so, another bit becomes dangerous — and so that must be demolished, and so it goes on. Not long afterwards the whole lot is a heap of rubble. This is what appears to be happening to our historic, Beveridge-built Social Security system.

One does not have to believe in conspiracies to see it as no coincidence that there are at the moment no fewer than five pieces of relevant legislation in various stages of design and assembly in the parliamentary factory. Only the first two, the Social Security Bills 1 and 2, have received any great publicity, but taking shape behind them are others and — as the current joke among MPs goes — Social Security Bill No. 17 will read 'The Social Security system is hereby abolished'.

Attention on Bill No. 1 has focused mainly on pensions, which are henceforth to be pegged to the Government's estimate of the rise in prices, not wages. Equally important, the Bill imposes a rigorous legal structure on the largely discretionary supplementary benefit system. At the moment, SB officials have a *duty* to help anyone destitute, whatever the cause. Once the Bill is passed, you must be destitute for the right reasons, or they can't help. And we do not know what these reasons are — because they are to be put into 'regulations' yet to be issued.

Among other things, the Bill also limits the circumstances in which payments can be made for exceptional needs; it cuts off supplementary benefit to school leavers during the first summer holiday; and it prohibits anyone with capital of £2,000 from claiming SB, whatever the income they are actually deriving from it.

BEFORE THE PAINT is dry or the model road-tested, the No. 2 Bill has started its way down the assembly line. Again, it has one eye-catching clause — this time, the £12 deduction from benefit for strikers' families. But it has a lot of other, equally nasty clauses. It cuts the real value of sickness and unemployment benefit and maternity allowance (all regarded as 'short-term' benefits), as well as invalidity benefit (which a person claims who is still too ill to work when the six-month entitlement to sickness benefit runs out).

The government says it is increasing these benefits by five per cent less than other long-term benefits, and that it plans to increase the latter in line with inflation — optimistically estimated at 16½ per cent by the Department of Health and Social Security. However, inflation is actually running at 21-22 per cent,

which means the real value of short-term and invalidity benefits will be cut by nearer 10 per cent.

The Bill abolishes Earnings Related Supplement, so that almost every unemployed person will have to claim SB. (The dole, without the Earnings Related Supplement, has always been worth slightly less than supplementary benefit; although unlike SB it is not means-tested). The TUC has always assumed that the National Insurance system would be immune from cuts of this kind, because it is *contributory*. However, the Bill goes on to alter National Insurance in other ways which save very little money, but rather seem designed to confuse people and soften them up for further changes. For instance, at the moment, the first time you are sick or unemployed you have to wait three days before drawing benefit. If you are sick or unemployed again within 13 weeks, you do *not* have to wait three days, but the two periods are linked for purposes of deciding when your benefit runs out. Now the Government is proposing that you cannot draw sick benefit for periods of less than four days, however close they are. If you are sick for four days or more, within six weeks of a previous sickness, then you get benefit for all the days. The new unemployment conditions are different again — in order not to discourage people from taking short-term casual jobs, say the DHSS.

Since the six-week provision means that some people will requalify for benefit when they would previously not have done, this complicated set of changes saves very little money — only about £20 million in a full year. Why then do it? A suspicious mind might suggest that it is in order to demolish the belief that National Insurance benefits are sacrosanct, and to confuse those (particularly trade union officials) trying to help people claim. It also dovetails in with the next set of proposals.

THE ASSEMBLY LINE is just being tooled up for the next item, the grandiosely titled Green Paper *Income during Initial Sickness: A New Strategy*. This proposes abolishing National Insurance Sickness Benefit for the first eight weeks, and handing the responsibility over to the employers to pay a flat rate minimum of £30 a week, or 75 per cent of wages, whichever is lower. Handing over sick pay to the employers (who incidentally don't want it, as it adds to their wages bills) makes it difficult to run the industrial injuries system as we know it. Under this, if you are off work because of an industrial injury or disease, you get a preferential rate of benefit, and you do not have the same contribution conditions to fulfil. Is the employer to pay the preferential rate, and is he therefore to decide what is an industrial injury and what is not? The Green Paper does not say.

But there is on the drawing board another model designed to solve this little problem. The Government have produced a 'discussion document' on the industrial injuries system. It proposes *abolishing* the preferential rate and perhaps the special concessions on contributions, and using the spare money (some or all) to iron out some of the undoubted anomalies in the long-term benefits under the system. The vast majority of industrial injuries claims are of course fairly short-term.

SO WITH SICKNESS and industrial injuries benefit largely swept away, and unemployment benefit cut so that virtually all the unemploymed have to rely on means tested supplementary benefit, what next? Still in the preliminary design stages is a review of unemployment benefit being carried out by Sir Derek Rayner and his merry men, on the 'efficiency' of the system. To the mind of a business efficiency expert, the need to make everybody claim two benefits must be far from obvious. The brief programme of work that's circulating, and the hints dropped in discussions with interested parties in the 'poverty lobby' suggest that this team are thinking of abolishing contributory unemployment benefit altogether, making everyone rely on SB *and* imposing a tigher 'availability for work' condition that might include ruling that mothers with small children were *de facto* not available for work and therefore unable to register as unemployed.

The Government is currently winning the propaganda battle hands down, with its in-

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sidious branding of all social security claimants as scroungers. There is a National Campaign against Social Security Cuts, but it is weak and poorly supported.

A fast response will be essential. The Social SEcurity (No. 2) Bill is actually making its way through the commons with the speed of light, while the Lords are still debating the number one Bill. The Tories are hoping to have the second Bill through committee stage by 8 May. All-night sittings three days a week until then are likely, with a guillotine next week. Report stage will follow the week after with processing through the Lords back to the Commons and Royal Assent, all to be completed before the end of May.

Although the other Bills are still only on the drawing board, this lightening procedure appears to have caught everyone on the hop — as it was no doubt supposed to. There will be little time for organisation. It will be up to individuals to write to their MPs and to lobby them. Unless people wake up soon to the fact that the Government is turning the clock back to the 1930s, it will be too late and there will be nothing left to defend. Before the year is out the demolition job will be well under way.

IRELAND
Mary Holland

Now that 'conversation' is being decriminalised, will divorce be legalised?

Baulking at pluralism

DURING HIS pastoral visit to Ireland, Pope John Paul II appealed to an Irish audience that their country should be the last to hold out against the evil of civil divorce. Last month the Irish premier, Charles Haughey, gave an assurance to the Pope that, for the moment at least, all is well on that score in Holy Catholic Ireland.

Replying to a query from Dr Noel Browne, a Socialist Labour Deputy in the Irish parliament, Mr Haughey said that his government had no plans to introduce divorce or, more correctly, to initiate an amendment to the Irish constitution to allow this to be done. At the moment one sentence in the constitution — 'No Law shall be enacted providing for the grant of a dissolution of marriage' — means an absolute ban on divorce and a referendum would have to be held to change this.

Later Dr Browne announced that he had tabled a private member's bill calling on the government to hold such a referendum. For his bill to be debated he will need to get the support of seven other deputies and, while he is exerting public pressure on 'progressive forces' in other parties, his chances of success are slight. The main opposition party, Fine Gael, is currently publicly split on the issue and, while the Labour Party is theoretically committed to abolishing the ban on divorce, it may not want for historical political reasons to give its support to Dr Browne.

Despite the Pope's appeal, and despite the equivocation of 'progressive forces', there is now an ongoing and increasingly urgent public debate about divorce in Ireland. Last year saw the setting up of a Divorce Action Group and the Irish Council for Civil Liberties has also been campaigning on the issue for some time. In its recent booklet *The Case for Divorce in the Republic of Ireland*, the ICCL estimated that there are now between 5,000 and 8,000 deserted wives (i.e. women in receipt of some form of deserted wives' benefit) and that the number is increasing by a minimum of 500 every year. This does not include wives who don't qualify or don't apply for benefit, deserted husbands, or couples who have parted by mutual consent.

THE SITUATION is rendered even more surreal by the Catholic Church's own attitude to marital breakdown. Although this may revert to being more conservative under the new Pope, the fact of the matter is that in recent years the Irish Church has been far more liberal in granting annulments of Catholic marriages. At the end of 1978 there were over 1300 applications (from Ireland north and south) for annulments awaiting consideration. Where a marriage is declared null the parties are free to remarry in church and many do. In Ireland, thus, there are couples whose first marriages have been ended by the Church, who have remarried with all the traditional blessings of the Church, but whose children are classified as illegitimate. In theory the parties to such a relationship could be prosecuted for bigamy, but this being Ireland no such thing has happened.

When he announced his intention of tabling a private member's bill on divorce Noel Browne spoke of 'showing up the lot of you'. Exposing the essentially theocratic nature of the southern Irish state is something of which Dr Browne has long experience. In 1951, as a radical young Minister of Health, he introduced the now notorious Mother and Child scheme, to provide free medical care for mothers and their children of school age. The bill was opposed by the Catholic hierarchy and Dr Browne was forced to resign. Thirty years and some aeons of political experience later, he is now deploying arguments in support of his divorce proposals which could embarrass all politicians in the South who speak of the urgent need to bring about a pluralist society but baulk at the steps necessary to bring it about.

In theory the Irish constitution applies to all 32 counties of Ireland, including Northern Ireland. The Irish premier is known for (indeed some would say he owes his position to) his desire to see a united Ireland which will make that territorial claim become fact. Dr Browne's argument is that if Mr Haughey does subscribe to the constitution, and is desirous of bringing about unity, he must look at the ban on divorce again on two grounds. First, it discriminates against Protestants. Second, if the opinion of Northern Protestants were to be ranged alongside the growing numbers demanding divorce in the South there would be a majority in favour of it in the whole of Ireland to which the constitution lays territorial claim.

Such niceties may not carry much weight with Mr Haughey. But he is also shrewd enough to know that while divorce may be a minor issue at the moment, it is one which will grow and grow, and will have to be faced. As Minister of Health in Jack Lynch's government Mr Haughey was the Minister of Health who introduced a bill legalising the sale of contraceptives to 'bona fide family planners'. At the time the pressure from the Catholic hierarchy was to restrict their availability to married couples. Mr Haughey recognised that this was impracticable, precisely because of the growing numbers of couples living in what are virtually second marriages but who cannot get married because they cannot get divorced. He described this rather absurd compromise as 'an Irish solution to an Irish problem' and is doubtless even now trying to think of an Irish solution to divorce.

Still, last month did see one glimmer of light in the institution of Irish marriage. The government is to introduce legislation to abolish the law relating to 'criminal conversation' under which men have been able to sue for damages if their wives commit adultery. The most recent successful case was brought by a freelance photographer in Dublin last November. The decision to abolish 'criminal conversation, was announced by the Minister of State responsible for tourism. We thought *NS* readers thinking of an Irish holiday would like to know.

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London Diary

☐'What the proprietorship of these papers is aiming at is power, and power without responsibility — the prerogative of the harlot throught the ages.' These words, spoken by Stanley Baldwin but written by Rudyard Kipling, have always irritated me. The savaging of Beaverbrook and Rothermere was fully justified, but it's always struck me that Kipling was being rather unfair to harlots. The true personification of power without responsibility is the harlot's customer: *he* doesn't have to fear pregnancy or imprisonment. Yet people persist in quoting the phrase as though it were a masterpiece of comparison, and even the admirable Hugh Cudlipp has called his forthcoming book on press barons *The Prerogative of The Harlot.* Obviously the two most important consequences of the Cynthia Payne case have been the clamour for a change in the law and the implanting in the public of a healthy suspicion of lawyers, vicars, journalists and Irish MPs. (I don't include peers in the list because everyone suspected them already.) But I hope that a third effect of the episode will be that in future we all think twice before trundling out Kipling's least impressive observation.

☐Talking of flesh-pots, I am grateful to an anonymous correspondent (who, if identified, will learn something to his or her advantage) for sending me the following deadpan extract from the annual report of the London Borough of Islington's Chief Environmental Health Officer:

> *Massage Establishments*
> The proliferation of massage establishments in London in the last few years appears to indicate a dramatic increase in muscular disorders in the male population.

☐The name of C. B. Patel may not be so well-known as those of Beaverbrook and Rothermere, but it deserves to be. Mr Patel is the owner of *Gujarat Samachar* and *New Life,* weekly newspapers published in London for the Indian community, and has just been ordered by an industrial tribunal to pay £1,655 to Shivkumar Ayer, who was managing editor of both papers until Patel abruptly dismissed him on 1 October last year. Since Patel told me last week that he would welcome 'any publicity' I assume he won't mind me relating the colourful way in which he has run these papers for the past four years. Chotu Karadiya, founder editor of *New Life,* was the first to go, summarily dismissed by Patel at the beginning of 1977. On the evening of 4 May 1977 Vipool Kalyani, who had edited *Gujarat Samachar* for the previous year, was putting the paper to bed when Patel asked him to leave half a column blank on the front page: there was some late news coming, said Patel, and he himself would insert it before having the paper printed. The following morning Kalyani turned up at the office to find that the blank half column had been filled by Patel with the announcement that 'Mr Vipool Kalyani has been relieved of the editorship of *Gujarat Samchar* from this issue.' The Great Patel edited the paper himself for a few months; then, in October 1977, he hired Shivkumar Ayer, an experienced Indian journalist who had fled to Britain during the emergency. A couple of months later Robert Govender, who was editing the sister paper *New Life,* fell ill and was shown the red card. Patel asked Shivkumar Ayer to add the editing of *New Life* to his tasks.

On 17 August 1979 Ayer produced a special 60-page Independence Day edition of *Gujarat Samachar* and on 7 September he followed it with an 80-page issue devoted to the Indian population of Leicester. Ayer says that Patel was so pleased that he 'treated me with a party of cans of beer and pappadams on the evening of Wednesday 12 September 1979.' However, after Ayer married a British passport holder on 22 September, and thus ceased to be dependent on a work permit, Patel's attitude to him changed. On 1 October Patel wrote to him saying that 'your performance has been very unsatisfactory' and bang went another editor. Since then Patel has been editing the papers; but, given his record so far, one presumes that it's only a matter of time before he sacks himself.

☐I must watch what I say about the Blair Peach inquest, which started this week, or else dozens of motorbike messengers will come zooming down to Great Turnstile yet again, bearing those ominously plush envelopes marked 'By Hand'. In any case, further comment about Southall is unnecessary for the time being since Professor Michael Dummett and his colleagues on the independent inquiry have done such a thorough job. But one thing puzzles me. The Coroners' Rules (1953) make it clear that 'an inquest must be held in public'. Why, then, were the public not admitted when the hearing started on Monday? The obvious answer is that there was no room, since all available seats had been reserved by journalists, but this is not very satisfactory. Few would deny that some space ought to be kept for the press on such occasions as inquests. But normally there are also some benches set aside for the public: journalists can, of course, queue for them, but so can friends of Blair Peach, plain clothes coppers and anyone else who wishes to observe the proceedings.

☐As is well-known, it is not the policy of this column to print plugs. Nor is it our policy to fail to give praise where it's due, so without further justification let me alert you to an excellent new film on South Africa, called *Generations of Resistance.* Produced by the United Nations, it is a straightforward account of the Africans' fight against white supremacy from the Bambata Rebellion of 1908 through to Soweto and beyond. It is enhanced by old footage and interviews with survivors of early rebellions, and it can be seen at the University of London Union next Tuesday (6 May), starting at 7 pm.

☐Round the corner from where I live in Islington is a shop called The Market. Rather a good shop too; its prices are, I confess, rather higher than those of other supermarkets but it does perform the considerable service of staying open until 9 pm every day of the week — including Sundays. It also stocks a range of food and drinks surpassing that of any other local shop I know. The loyalty felt by its many customers has been shown by the fact that over 4,000 of us have signed a petition in its support; for Islington council, which really ought to be renamed the The Theatre of the Absurd, has decided to seek a High Court injunction to force The Market to comply with Sunday trading laws. No matter that there are about 60 other shops in Islington which also disobey this law; the council says that The Market has been successfully prosecuted nine times under this law and is thus a 'persistent offender', deserving the full force of Islington's legal blunderbuss. It doesn't seem to occur to the council that this shop has been convicted so many times only because the council so persistently prosecutes it.

☐The Shops Act, 1950, contains much that is good: it protects shop employees by laying down conditions of work, compulsory sanitary arrangments and so on. But the section on Sunday trading is an eccentricity which no sane person could take seriously. It is, for instance, unlawful for any barber or hairdresser in Scotland to cut a person's hair on a Sunday, unless they do it in a hotel ('if that person is resident therein') or on board a seagoing ship. On the other hand a shop in England and Wales may open on a Sunday to serve meals and refreshments 'but not including the sale of fried fish and chips at a fried fish and chip shop'. You can sell 'newly cooked provisions and cooked or partly cooked tripe' (if you can find anyone who'll buy it) but on no account can you sell mushy peas to go with it. Nestlé's delicious sterilised milk is banned, but you can console yourself with clotted cream 'whether sold in tins or otherwise'. Guide books and postcards may be sold at galleries, museums, gardens and 'in any passenger vessel within the meaning of Part II of the Finance (1909-1910) Act 1910', while books may be bought on a Sunday only from bookstalls at such railway or omnibus stations, or such aerodromes, as may be approved by the Secretary of State. Still, it's reassuring to know that anyone who keeps within the Shops Act shall also be deemed not to have committed an offence against the Sunday Fairs Act, 1448, the Sunday Observance Act, 1677, or 'the Act of the third year of His late Majesty King Charles the First, chapter three, for the further reformation of sundry abuses committed on the Lord's Day commonly called Sunday'. Oh, I nearly forgot: you may also sell on Sunday 'fodder for horses, mules, ponies and donkeys at any farm, stables, hotel or inn'. The law may be an ass, but at least it looks after its own.

Francis Wheen

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Six handsome young men at a society christening provided a problem. Who was the father? They stood by the font, flanking the proud happy mother. 'She was the wayward daughter of a peer,' said one of the guests, Mr Harold Brooks-Baker, the managing director of Debrett's Peerage, yesterday. 'Any of the six might have been the father, she did not know which,' he said. No guide to good behaviour lays down the proper procedure in such a case — in the old days the baby would have been sent to a nurse in Switzerland, he said — but the family came to a really aristocratic solution. 'Each young man was made a godfather, each contributed one name to the baby's forenames and for a surname he was given his mother's maiden name.' *Yorkshire Post* (Edward Boyle)

☐ Was it embarrassing to have the boss as a teaboy? Mr Arthur Smith said: 'To be quite honest, no. Over the years I am afraid we have normally treated him like that, anyway.' — *Guardian* (A.B. Knight)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Arms and the world

From Ian Stirling

Your correspondent Philip Braithwaite (NS 18 April) doubts the figure of 135,000 deaths at Dresden quoted in David Irving's *The Destruction of Dresden*. In 1957 I got to know the writer Franz Kuhn, who had been in Dresden at the time of the four great raids. He told me he had had his cellar reinforced and ventilated. The result was that the inhabitants of his cellar were the only people left alive in his entire street after the raids. Since the town was full of refugees at the time, and vast quantities of people were sucked into the air by the fire-storm, it is obviously impossible to arrive at an exact figure. What do the numbers matter anyway?

One cannot resist relating the tragedy of Dresden to the potential tragedy being deliberately prepared by the world's military authorities at the moment. It is well known that massive armaments tend to lead to wars, since they multiply the possibilities of starting them. What happened at Dresden was hell on earth, but nothing compared with what could be caused today by nuclear bombs. What *must* be abolished is the respect for war as a means of settling differences.

32 Powis Gardens, London NW11

From Dr W. H. Jopling

At this time of increasing arms spending coinciding with a sharp increase in East-West tension, the vast majority of Britain's newspaper-reading public will have no knowledge of the fact that well over 2,000 people packed the Central Hall, Westminster, on Saturday 12 April to attend the first convention of the new World Disarmament Campaign. The reason is that only three daily papers recorded the event in their issues of the following Monday — the *Guardian, Times*, and *Morning Star*.

33 Crown Lane Gardens, London SW16

Not funny

From Steve Burkeman

Central Birmingham Community Health Council dissociates itself completely from the cartoon accompanying Judith Cook's piece (NS 18 April). The cartoon is tasteless, completely insensitive to the feelings of expectant women booked in at the Hospital identified in it, and a gratuitous insult to the staff working in that Hospital. Further, it is based on a gross distortion of the CHC report mentioned in the accompanying article.

Central Birmingham CHC, 161 Corporation Street, Birmingham

From Theresa Stuart

I am writing with reference to the outrageous cartoon about Sorrento Hospital (NS 18 April) implying most babies die there. No one would dispute the case Central Birmingham CHC is making in its report for the greater use of the modern Birmingham Maternity Hospital's beds, including a change of admissions policy — which requires women to book within the first two or three months of pregnancy. It is unfortunate, however, if their report implies that at other hospitals in the city women may lose their babies because they have not been able to have the care of the Birmingham Maternity Hospital. It is widely accepted that it is the socio-economic environment determining the pre-natal health of the mother and unborn child which is a decisive factor affecting the peri-natal death rate. In the inner-city areas these problems are greatest. There is no evidence that the hospitals presently serving these inner-city areas in Birmingham are giving an inadequate service.

Sorrento Hospital is long established, with excellent midwifery experience and medical care, and a famous Special Care Baby Unit as well as a very good modern labour suite built only 10 years ago. A new 24-bedded ward and ante-natal clinic are now proposed. The South Birmingham CHC has recently completed a maternity survey. The vast majority of mothers interviewed wished to return to the same hospital if they had another baby and this included over 200 in the sample whose babies were born at Sorrento. The solution constantly sought by this CHC has been to build on the advantages of the local, experienced service but for the Health Authority to fund an expansion of resources. The large Birmingham Maternity Hospital on the site of the Teaching Hospital could take 1,000 or perhaps 2,000 more bookings, but it still leaves more than 9,000 babies to be born annually in the five or six other maternity units for Birmingham women.

South Birmingham CHC, 60 Northfield Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham

Jesus's birthday

From H. C. Mullin

I suggest that Mr Nicolas Walter's letter on the birth of Jesus Christ (NS 18 April) was historically inaccurate, and based on slipshod research. I further suggest that that slipshod attitude proceeds from an enormous antipathy towards the Christian religion. I will accept that he was correct in telling us that Cyrenius was imperial legate to Syria in AD 6. Is the *New Testament* wrong, then, as Mr Walker says? Not necessarily.

H.H. Halley has it that 'in recent years ancient papyri have been found from which it has been learned that Quirinius (or Cyrenius) was TWICE governor of Syria'. Professor F.F. Bruce, who has a world-wide reputation as an authority on the *New Testament* writes: 'There is good inscriptional evidence that when Cyrenius took up the office in Syria in AD 6, that this was the second time in which he served as imperial legate.'

Professor Bruce is a Christian. This fact may move Nicolas Walter to cast doubt upon his objectivity, even his integrity. It would not be the first time that Mr Walter has jeeringly accused Christians of concocting 'pious' frauds to add weight to their doctrines, and make them more acceptable to ignorant lorry-drivers like myself. Because of this, I feel that I must point out that Professor Bruce does not take the easy way out of the problem offered by the information that Cyrenius had at least two periods of governorship. He feels that the other period may well have taken place in Galatia, rather than in Syria. However, I invite your readers to read Professor Bruce for themselves. It will show them that things are not as cut and dried as Nicolas Walter would have them believe.

970 Maryhill Road, Glasgow

Whose APEX?

From Roy A. Grantham

Let me assure your readers that no-one will 'get' APEX (NS 18 April). As I told our Annual Conference, after 90 years of fighting for the interests of white collar workers, we are not putting APEX up for sale. On the other hand we are in the business of promoting a strengthening of the trade union movement and are prepared to use our strength and influence to that end. It is indicative of our central position in any restructuring of our movement that six major unions from the TGWU downwards have sought talks with us on a merger.

As General Secretary, I put to our Executive Council a paper last year proposing that in the light of new technology and trade union moves towards single status we should see what kind of trade union movement we needed by the 1990s and APEX should talk to other unions on this basis. The APEX Executive Council proceeded to hold talks with interested unions in the light thereof.

Mr Gopsill was employed by us on a temporary contract to edit our Journal. I extended Mr Gopsill's contract beyond the original three months but terminated it when he altered a statement I had written for our Journal on the method by which our Annual Conference would consider the report of the Executive Council on its talks with six other unions and on the motions tabled by Branches. Mr Gopsill secretly altered that statement to reflect his own political stance.

I shall not waste time on the misrepresentations by Mr Gopsill. Suffice to state that our Conference carried by 447 votes to 15 a motion welcoming our talks with other unions. Amendments designed to tie us to talks with only one type of union were overwhelmingly defeated. Only 39 delegates voted to restrict our talks only to white collar unions. Only 19 voted that ASTMS would be the most appropriate union, and only a handful in favour in MATSA.

General Secretary, APEX, 22 Worple Road, London SW19

Workhouses on the way out?

From David Donnison

I am grateful to Francis Wheen for writing about Reception Centres and the people who use them (NS 18 April). Men and women without a settled way of living are among the most deprived in our community. They should not be accommodated in large institutions which tend to segregate them from other citizens, but should be appropriately housed by the housing authorities. Many of them will also need a good deal of care and support from the local social service and health authorities. Meanwhile it will be our job to ensure that they have enough money to live on if they cannot support themselves.

There is now widespread agreement about this, and the issues are due to be presented for public debate later this year as part of the wider review of the supplementary benefits scheme. If this policy is accepted it will take several years to put it fully into practice. Till then we must go on doing our best for the men and women who come to Reception Centres where the staff will do all they can to help them.

Chairman, Supplementary Benefits Commission, New Court, Carey Street, London WC2

Learning to love Liu

From R. P. Skinner

Regarding Jonathan Mirsky's article on Liu Shaoqi's rehabilitation ((NS 11 April). I was truly staggered by his nerve or ignorance (I'm not sure which) on the question of Deng Xiaoping. Deng we are told 'is a worthy Maoist' and 'has been a Maoist all his life'. Presumably he means Deng's politics, or his loyal support to Mao. Unfortunately Deng fails on both counts.

Maoism (Mao's politics) like everything else developed and changed. From 1958 Maoism and the Chinese Revolution took a new course. Deng did not. The 'Great Leap Forward' of the late Fifties, the 'Socialist Education Movement' of the early Sixties, and the 'Cultural Revolution' itself were all mass movements with pure Maoist credentials; but both Deng and Liu did their utmost to limit and restrict them and push them off course.

For Deng the Party and the State will ensure Socialism and Communism (not that he mentions the latter very much), and classes have all but disappeared. For Mao the body politic is not 'red' by nature; it needs regular transfusions to stop it being bled 'white'. To Mao, class struggle continues under Socialism and the old ruling class does not disappear along with private ownership of the means of production; and a new ruling class constantly seeks to control production and its surplus. To Deng social relations in China are Socialist and need not be worried about, the important thing is to get the productive forces churning out the goods. For Mao the only way to get the productive forces to expand and develop is via mass political practice to transform social relations. For Deng the transformation of social relations is put off until the all powerful economic surplus turns up to solve all these nagging inequalities. Everything, from planning and management to production techniques, is subordinated to increasing the almighty surplus. The means to be used do not matter, even when they are capitalist. This is rabid economism, so where Deng's belief in the 'primacy of human Will' comes in I will never know. Perhaps he meant 'bourgeois Will'. Deng's rehabilitation of Liu Shaoqi is one more step back down the old road he loves so well. A road which Mao struggled against right up to the end, and justly called capitalist.

24 Thurston House, Calverly Close, Beckenham

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Green fingers

A kind correspondent, aware of the sort of *minutiae of life that amuse and entertain* somebody with a mind as woefully superficial and frivolous as my own, has written to remind me of the somewhat excessive details (colour of hair, colour of eyes) that used to be demanded of anybody trying to obtain a British passport in order to leave, however temporarily, the country and enter others. My correspondent reports that her uncle, Canon Adam Fox, while filling in many years ago his passport application form, found himself stumped by yet another query of a physical nature. 'Shape of face?' it said, and who on earth (oval, bulbous, lopsided) could answer this piece of idiocy (the photograph shows, after all, anything necessary) sensibly? So the Canon just stared at the question for some time and then wrote 'Yes', after which he heard no more. Adam Fox, in addition to that splendid 'Yes', was Professor of Poetry at Oxford in the early 1930s and is buried in Poets' Corner in the Abbey. Fairly sure of where, in death, his resting place was to be, he supplied his own epitaph — 'A. Fox gone to earth', which would have been a delightful novelty in that sober edifice and would have pleased many. However, the Dean (not an office that one always associates with chuckles) turned the suggestion, need one say, down.

Foxes going to earth brings us to country matters in general, and musing the other day on one's favourite opening lines of novels ('It was clearly going to be a bad crossing' from *Vile Bodies* and *The Diary of a Nobody*'s 'My dear wife Carrie and I have just been a week in our new house, "The Laurels", Brickfield Terrace, Holloway') I remembered one from Stella Gibbons that has long given me pleasure. It is from *Nightingale Wood* and it begins 'It is difficult to make a dull garden, but old Mr Wither had succeeded.' Those who in the past have been kind enough to show an interest in my stately residence, 'Myrtlebank' and in its spacious grounds and gardens, together with the inhabitants of Appleton in general, may care to know that house, garden and indeed all of us have come safely through the surprisingly mild winter (March can be such a treacherous month for old bones) and are now ready to face whatever Spring may bring in the way of climatic shocks. My cousin Madge, 89 any minute now, has been weeding her asparagus bed and tidying 'the border'. Miss Entwhistle, the local *dernier cri* and last word in fashionable attire (she brought platform shoes to us and sprained, fairly soon, her ankle), is said to have had her hair Eton cropped, a sleek hair style of the 20s becoming to many but one which might be rather productive, in a small Devon village, of uneasiness. Mrs Mountjoy's daffs have never been better ('a positive carpet of gold', in her own phrase). The Bultitudes were certainly here for Easter and, as usual, were the soul of hospitality, with Giles yelling 'Crash on up for a noggin' to all and sundry, followed by, when one has got there, 'have some eats', a cheery way of urging one to partake of the cocktail dainties. They have now left, and with a riot of matching luggage, for Heidelberg, of all unlikely places, and I am told that when Canon Mountjoy, astonished to hear that they were not as usual bound for Cannes, asked 'Why Heidelberg?' in surprised tones, Bunty swiftly countered with an arch and challenging 'Why not?', coupled with the tinkling shriek of laughter that can, with the wind in the right direction, be heard at Newton Abbot.

Here at 'Myrtlebank' the garden is ablaze with colour — daffs, tulips and hyacinths all in fullest bloom and the magnolia just opening and for once (we are fairly high up, with Dartmoor no distance) untouched by frost. The japonicas and currant bushes are better than ever, the clematis (and whatever is the plural of clematis?) are frantically clambering upwards and before long the arum lilies will be showing signs of renewed life and of repeating the opulent splendours of past years. Several new roses have been planted, among them Whisky Mac, Prima Ballerina and Just Joey, and we have bedded out (and no smirks please) several large pansies. Every week I seem to buy yet another sack of peat and am in constant touch with the admirable Rock Nurseries at Chudleigh, whence cometh nothing but good. But is there then, you ask, no fly in the ointment of any sort? Yes there is, but only a teeny. Read, if you will, on.

Although I am not greatly given to envy, *suffering as I do from a bovine complacency* brought about by an excellent digestion, regular diet-free meals, long hours of sleep (no pills required), good eyesight, comfortable circumstances and a refusal to depress myself by thinking deeply on any subject of importance, a charming book of gardens has come my way which did make me, at the very least, *pensif* and sent me out into the 'Myrtlebank' grounds to see just where it might be possible to create a vista, throw down a cobbled courtyard, throw up a loggia, devise a sunken lily pool, site a pleached alley and construct a giant double herbaceous border leading to a temple (not too easy a place of worship to find in these parts). The book, jammed with entrancing colour photographs, is *The Englishwoman's Garden*, edited by Alvilde Lees-Milne and Rosemary Verey and published by Chatto and Windus. Accustomed as one nowadays is (or is not) to paying in the book world countless pounds for 152 pages of valueless twaddle, the price here (£9.95) for such a handsome, helpful and erudite volume is reasonable in the extreme.

Within the packed pages, 36 lady gardeners of distinction Tell All, and surprisingly well they write. Many found, at the beginning of their labours and often on arrival at a new house, that the garden was either a jungle or a wilderness, and as they pour out the gruesome details of their struggles ('We battled on') with brambles, couch grass, ivy and ground elder, one can positively smell the bonfires. On several gardening matters they speak with one voice — the debt they owe both to the imaginative beauties of Sissinghurst and to the books of Margery Fish, the importance of moving unhappy plants around and finding just the right nook, the unhelpful nature of weeds ('the only answer is to mulch and mulch again'), the great joy of showing visitors round, the quiet pleasures of potting up and potting on, the excitements of propagating, and — for they are not women for nothing — the delights of successful rivalry ('All gardeners enjoy growing something which defeats their neighbours'). Very few of them are happy about the soil on which they had to start their gardens and there are wailing cries about solid yellow clay, limestone rock, chalk, 'brash, and five hundred feet up', greensand and light, porous and thin earth that required an infinity of feeding. And almost all have, at some time, suffered from honey fungus.

However, the results of their successful battles are a real treat for the eye — the laburnum-shaded dewpond at Ednaston Manor in Derbyshire and its charming spring woodland garden: the evergreen azaleas sheltering in a wood at Rosemoor in Devonshire: the rose garden (standard Ballerinas dotted with bushes of pink and blue lavender) at Bampton: the long double herbaceous border at Burghfield in Berkshire: the beautiful stretch of lawn bordered by shrub roses and backed by tall trees in, of all improbable spots, Cavendish Avenue, NW8: the immensely old yew hedges, the cascading roses and the many other assorted beauties of the Manor House at Badminton, which contains, in the vegetable garden, a folly which 'at midsummer is so smothered with roses, clematis, solanum and jasmine that it succeeds in looking like one of Queen Mary's prettiest toques': the superb water garden at Shute House in Dorset: and perhaps the best of all, the gardens of Knightshayes House at Tiverton.

No matter how trying the current gardening situation may be (mice munching one's bulbs, tulips said to be white turning out to be 'screaming red' and ruining the colour scheme, and eelworm attacking the candelabra primulas), quiet contentment reigns, with here and there a shy confession ('I have snowdropmania'), generous praise for head, or other, gardeners, gratitude to husbands, a tribute to a mechanical device (the Little Wonder hedge trimmer) or a valuable hint (don't forget to bury fish remains round the roots of the Chatham Island forget-me-not). The prevailing mood is admirably summed up by Mrs Anthony Crossley, who says: 'It is impossible to garden and keep an agitated mind.'

Roger Woddis

After Tabas

'The human race, as well as the hostages, should come in for some humanitarian concern.' — Observer

You may not love the Human Race,
You may not love its silly face,
The way it simply stands and stares,
The way it minds its own affairs;
But even ostriches may learn
Survival is of some concern.

Of course, it's difficult to see
What hope there is for you and me,
And even at the best of times
It's hard to hear the midnight chimes;
But Rescue Bid Fiasco Shock
Must mean it's almost twelve o'clock.

The way I look at it is this:
Abysmal ignorance is bliss.
One doesn't want to make a fuss,
The chaps in charge know more than us;
And if they don't, they'll have to face
The remnants of the Human Race.

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David Caute

Sartre I: Roads to Freedom

YOU STUDY her graveside face, its fragile composure capitulating to death, the end; some man's friendly hands steady her shoulders. You need not imagine or invent the sweep of 'Castor's' misery because you have read *The Prime of Life* and *Force of Circumstance* — you know the history now being lowered into the earth. Between them Sartre and de Beauvoir walked us through our own time.

Often (she reported) he went his own way; hurt her, betrayed her (but she cannot use that word, the free life forbids it). She had two tactics for catching up with him, only one of which can survive his death: by remaining patiently true to herself, until he remembered; and by writing about him, a verbal reappropriation. Will she now recover to chronicle his death as she did her mother's, once again cheating nausea by resorting to the bad faith implicit in the act of writing?

It was Sartre who first suggested to me a tone, a style, for our century. Brilliant, prolific, inquisitive, versatile, cocksure, a passionate contemporary, he was a man totally committed to the project of understanding (and saying) everything. Nothing short of a total exploration of man's total condition — the hopelessness of the project did not deter him — could satisfy his immense appetite for understanding. Thrown into the world, he made the best of it. The artist and the philosopher remained inseparable: the first step towards cognition was invariably recognition, the pinning down of experience. Hence his vast audience.

Reading the news of his death, I experienced surprisingly little regret. Broken by blindness, unable to read or write, his time was up: with such a man, the sooner the better. But now, trying to catch the essence of that relentless voice, I'm afraid of escaping its impact by hurrying away down safe corridors: Sartre the philosopher, the novelist, the playwright, Sartre the Existentialist, Sartre the Marxist — the comfortable academic machinery for gelding the stallion. Through his work the reader encountered a peculiarly 20th-century radioactivity and the contamination became addictive. According to the classic liberal-bourgeois obituary, the brain ran away with the man; the truth may be that he entered scandalous terrain where the bourgeoisie could not follow and yet survive.

But that's heavy stuff. The scrapbook images also have their place — the glasses, the octopus eye, the thick cigarette, the short, plastered-down hair, all that urbane French knowledge about communism and brothels. Cafes, clandestine printing presses under the German occupation, the electric charge running from Stalingrad to the streets round the Sorbonne. Reading Dos Passos, Faulkner, then hurrying to a Champs Elysée cinema to soak up Eisenstein, Chaplin, everything good, urgent, contemporary. Only slowly does the lycée teacher begin to write, testing and gradually confirming the extraordinary range of his talents. Kierkegaard, Husserl and Heidegger wrestle in the front of his mind; as yet Marx remains a shadowy figure.

Perhaps alone of his contemporaries his thoughts were news. 'According to close friend, Jean-Paul Sartre, the noted Existentialist, today decided that hell is other people.' Headline in *Paris-Soir:* ' "The French masses have fallen out of history" — Sartre.' And who can deny that President de Gaulle would regularly ask his aides after breakfast: 'What will Sartre think today?'?

Of course there is no point in denying that during the last 30 years of his life his appeal was partly tribal: he was firmly on the Left, he was ours — which is why the bourgeois commentators soon decided that he had betrayed his talents after he turned away from the neurotic drama of consciousness, from the Absurd and Despair (not that he ever embraced such fashionable postures). Soiling his hands by peddling pamphlets at street corners, he wilfully betrayed the philosopher's high calling, rejected the Nobel Prize, turned his back on the metropolitan audiences who adored *Huis Clos,* and generally embarked on the delinquent project of joining art to life, thought to action.

Typically, he would push an insight to extremes, to the point at which the reader had to summon the whole of his mind in order to agree or dissent. His work is a progression from one breaking point to another. You don't read Sartre with the radio turned on. Restless and impatient he would hurry from one half-completed magnum opus to the next, leaving in his wake vast, ragged paragraphs and asphyxiating sentences: no writer was more ready to abandon a book which threatened to become — or perhaps not to become — a masterpiece.

The cult which surrounded him had its comic aspects. Maître, are you about to renounce Despair? Can the proletariat conceive itself? Is Israel fundamentally a class question? Are the young a social class? Maître, in retrospect, did you choose to be Sartre and if you had chosen to be other than Sartre would the decision have been Sartre's? What should we now believe about Cambodia? Are boatpeople legitimate objects for our sympathy or is there something we have overlooked? You have said that culture saves nothing and nobody: what then?

According to one view, a sense of humour might have rescued him from solemnly engaging in these catechismic exchanges (more radically, it might have stopped him being Sartre); but I am inclined to conclude that it was his touching availability, his honest conviction that a car too classy for bumpy dirt tracks is no good, which barred his access to the long, profound silences we normally demand of geniuses. Sartre had no sense whatever of the market in words.

THE WAR was crucial. He had despised politics. In 1936, although hoping for a Popular Front victory, he didn't even bother to vote. The artist being, axiomatically, a stranger in every society, the integration, loyalty and obedience demanded by Soviet communism was unacceptable: indeed the Soviet Union was merely 'a civilisation of engineers'. He was a writer: the political pretensions of Left intellectuals caused him to shrug.

But war is not only a continuation of diplomacy by other means, it is also proof that to reject politics is like rejecting air so long as you can hold your breath. War is an extension of politics so intimate that no man can avoid its touch. After the fall of France in 1940 Sartre, though never under fire, was taken prisoner; henceforward the notion of authenticity would demand a direct personal commitment, although it must be conceded that after his release by the Germans his life in Paris continued more or less as normal, despite occasional articles for the clandestine literary magazine, *Les Lettres françaises.* What was abnormal was the prodigious literary outpouring: only in his late thirties (he was born in 1905) did he really begin to write.

It's sometimes overlooked that the Cold War did not fully take hold until 1947. During the two years following the fall of Nazi Germany a dialogue, even friendship, was possible among all those, from Christian Democrats to Communists, who had resisted: it was the era of four men in a jeep, a time when even *Time* would allow the fashionable

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existentialists of the Left Bank a dabbling affection for a decently rarified version of Marxism. Ten years later Sartre was to claim that he and his friends ('colleagues') emerged from the war convinced that while existentialism provided the only viable approach to human experience, historical materialism offered the only viable explanation of the past.

This retrospective is too neat. Even granting the tender, uncertain frontier within Marxism between determinism and free will, the dominant emphasis within Sartre's own thought at that juncture was encapsulated in the famous assertion, *'l'homme n'est rien d'autre que ce qu'il se fait'* — man is only what he makes of himself. If man was free, alone and without excuses, as Sartre insisted — but if he was also obliged to reject nihilism or relativism, as Sartre equally insisted — then the resultant choice, the commitment, must inevitably fall within the great bourgeois-progressive tradition of *moral responsibility*. We have no difficulty in digging out a burning moral indignation from the gut of Marx himself or his followers; but Marxist philosophy had at that time largely jettisoned or forgotten the humanism of the young Marx. Put crudely, the 1940s had banished the 1840s. History and the proletariat formed the twin heads of the Marxist dialectic, but Sartre refused to subordinate man to any force greater than his own freedom. How, he mockingly asked the Communists in 1949, was he to believe that ideas are determined (a) by social conditions and (b) by future tasks to be accomplished. When his play, *Les Mains sales,* was first produced in 1948 the Communist newspaper, *l'Humanité,* described him as an 'hermetic philosopher', a 'nauseous writer', a 'Third Force demagogue' and — supreme insult — as an 'understudy for Koestler'.

THIS IS NOT the place to chart in detail Sartre's shortlived (1951-56) conversion to the Communist Party (which he never in fact joined). It was a negative conversion, inspired less by a fellow-traveller's illusions about the Soviet Union than by a profound revulsion from the hypocrisy that divorced American rhetoric from American behaviour in the era of Harry Truman and Joseph McCarthy. It was at this juncture that Sartre abruptly ceased to be good copy for *Time* Magazine; denounced for moral smugness and intellectual arrogance wherever the writ of the CIA-financed Congress for Cultural Freedom ran, he was the prime target of Raymond Aron's celebrated polemic, *The Opium of the Intellectuals.*

Thus Sartre's tribal allegiance crystallised at the most frightening juncture of the Cold War — the moment of Korea, the H-bomb, NATO, a divided Germany and the war pursued by the Fourth Republic in Indo-China. To rage Sartre is no stranger, witness his outburst in 1953 when Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were executed: 'a legal lynching which has covered a whole nation in blood . . . fascism is not defined by the number of its victims, but by the way it kills them.' Yet the physical liquidation of the Yiddish intelligentsia in the Soviet Union was still in progress, not forgetting a concentration camp system incarcerating millions of victims. Striving to purge himself of the 'subjectivity of my own class', Sartre turned a deaf ear to Aron's classic argument that the ultimate virtue of Western society lies in its tolerance of opposition and dissent. Readily admitting that in the USSR he himself would long since have been silenced, Sartre insisted that the orphans of Vietnam and Kenya were not consoled by free literary exchanges in Paris and London.

Liberals have accused Sartre of both fuelling and feeding off the masochistic self-hatred which undermines our free society. At one level, I suppose, the charge sticks; it may even be the case that Sartre remained a hero to the Left more because of what he opposed than what he advocated, though his enthusiasms, notably for Castro's revolution, were also infectious. We are perennially short of regimes to admire; disillusion almost invariably lurks in the wings of every euphoria; and when the revolutionary Left is not romanticising tyrannies engaged in land reform, it is campaigning for utopias rooted in nothing more verifiable than the imagination. Youthful indignation is a stable commodity; Sartre, growing older, denounced the crimes of 'the system' with a passion worthy of a man growing younger. He was 65 years old when he declared.

> Today it is sheer bad faith, hence counter-revolutionary, for the intellectual to dwell on his own problems, instead of realising that he is an intellectual because of the masses and through them; therefore that he owes his knowledge to them and must be with them and in them: he must be dedicated to work for their problems, not his own.

The surface cadences of this rhetoric recall, powerfully and painfully, the diatribes directed against Sartre himself in the post-war years by the Stalinist hatchetmen of Maurice Thorez's *parti communiste francais.* But two essential ingredients of the Stalinist *weltanschauung* prove, on closer inspection, to be missing: the Party and the proletariat. Instead we have the 'masses' and an implied historical vessel for their emancipation: History.

This takes us back to what is commonly regarded as the most significant polemical exchange in a long career electric with polemical exchanges:

> Your combination of dreary conceit and vulnerability always discouraged people from telling you unvarnished truths. The result is that you have become the victim of a dismal self-importance . . . Sooner or later, someone would have told you this. It might just as well be me.

Thus Sartre to Albert Camus, 1952. After 20 pages of such insults Sartre assured his target that he had been a worthy friend in the days when Camus was 'alive and authentic'. Blown away by hedonism, fame and vanity, the author of *The Myth of Sisyphus* had parted company — or so Sartre and de Beauvoir believed — with seriousness. The row blew to a head following a scathing review by Sartre's collaborator, Francis Jeanson, of Camus's *L'Homme révolté,* an eloquent plea for an ethic of moderation, of limits, in preference to the Germanic (Hegelian-Marxist) totem pole called History, with its obsessive pursuit of Ultimate Ends teleologically inscribed in the tablets, its justification of organised violence in the name of those ends — its cruel doctrine of necessity. The alternative mode of action proposed by Camus he called 'revolt', the act of individual refusal which scrupulously limits its objectives to the overthrow of tyranny — as during the Resistance — and adheres faithfully to its own humanistic values.

According to Sartre, Camus had thus made his 'Thermidor', falling into the unforgiveable sin of anti-communism. 'An anti-communist is a dog' — J. P. Sartre. Camus's scruples would delight those who preferred to criticise the status quo rather than change it: 'To merit the right to influence men who are struggling, one must first participate in the struggle.' This theme is amplified in Sartre's play *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu,* when the peasant leader snarls at the vacillating liberal priest: 'You are for us when we are killed, against us when we dare to defend ourselves.' Had he had any, Sartre's children would have been in luck: he believed in dirty hands.

TWENTY YEARS AGO I was inclined to believe that Sartre and Camus were arguing about fundamentals and that it really was a question of whether you got inside History (like some vast Zeppelin) the better to influence the rough and horny-handed crew, or whether you sat in a cafe fastidiously wringing your hands, drinking gin, and spinning allegories of the Absurd. Now I'm inclined to believe the two writers were really arguing about the identity of the lesser evil: the Soviet empire or the American? Sartre described the iron curtain as a mirror, with each half of the world both reflecting and exacerbating the enormities of the other — McCarthyite witch hunts, he claimed, generated an upsurge of forced labour in the Soviet Union.

The great ideological debate of the last 30 years is a dialogue of disasters, with each side capitalising on the other's set-backs. Only four years after quarrelling with Camus and embracing the Communist Party as the flawed, clumsy, crude, dogmatic yet — *faute de mieux* — indispensable instrument of revolutionary change, Sartre had to confront the repression of the Hungarian revolution by the Red Army. 'With the men who at this moment direct the French Communist Party,' he wrote, 'it will never be possible to resume relations. Each of their phrases, each of their gestures, is the outcome of 30 years of lies and sclerosis.' Very recently Sartre recalled in an interview:

> For a period I convinced myself that the pseudo-ideas of the Party must contain truths, that they must rest on a solid base, and that their idiotic aspects were only superficial. In fact, what impressed me was the Communist Party's claim to be the party of the workers. I think that this was an error. But an intellectual needs to find something tocling to . . .

No apologies to Camus, despite a moving obituary after his fatal car crash, because Camus had been wrong to be right — a pathetic, petty-bourgeois formulation of effective action — and had therefore been wrong. The more one dwells on the matter, the less one is inclined to accept that he and Camus were debating fundamentals: neither was prepared to abdicate his critical independence of judgment to a doctrine or dogma fashioned elsewhere. 'I find every political party necessarily stupid. Ever since I was 20, I have been revolted by the idea of a party.' Whenever he attempted to climb aboard the Zeppelin, Sartre, too, was immediately air-sick.

(To follow: II. ***What is Literature?;*** **III.** ***Force of Circumstances;*** **IV.** ***The Good & the Great)***

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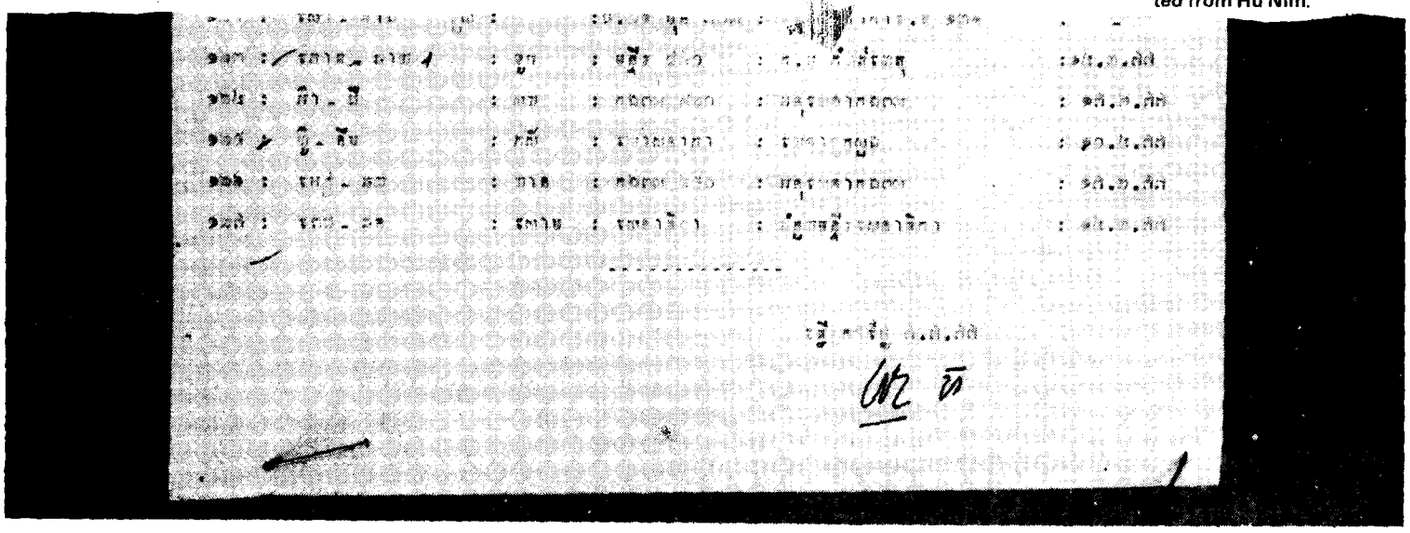
Names of prisoners crushed to bits on 6.7.77

Number	Original names	Other names	Previously from	Position held	Entry date
...	...	...	...	...	...
123	Phouk Chhay	Touch	Office 870	K.B. Secretary	14.3.77
124	Ea Chiu	Soy	Division 920	Division Deputy Secretary	17.2.77
125	Hu Nim	Phoas	Information	Ministry Secretary	10.4.77
126	Ea Chhoy	Yean	Division 450	Division Deputy Secretary	17.2.77
127	Pech Chhorn	Som	Staff Officer	Assistant at staff officer's office	14.3.77

Issued on 7.7.77
Illegible signature

'Prisoners crushed to bits: 6 July 1977', reads the heading to this list of 127 victims which include Cambodian student leader Phouk Chhay, and Pol Pot's former Minister of Information Hu Nim. Inside we look at the 'confessions' extracted from Hu Nim.



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Little is yet known about the inner nature of Cambodia's Pol Pot dictatorship. Potentially, a unique source of insight is the mass of records at Tuol Sleng, Pol Pot's interrogation-centre. Here CHANTHOU BOUA and BEN KIERNAN analyse a small fraction of these records, brought out as photocopies by ANTHONY BARNETT. The result is a chilling glimpse of a bureaucracy devoted to lethal megalomania: showing the need for full-scale examination — historical, and indeed psychological — of a political catastrophe with few modern parallels.

In the liberated zones, 1973. From right to left: Pol Pot (then known as Saloth Sar); Hu Nim (executed, 1977; *also see inset*); Hou Yuon (executed after 1975); Ieng Sary (Pol Pot's Foreign Minister); Khieu Samphan (the 'moderate' head of the Pol Pot regime); Koy Thuon (executed, 1976).

AS OUR PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW, many documents among the stacks of paper at Tuol Sleng are — or appear to be — 'confessions'. They are mostly hand-written, in neat Khmer script, annotated here and there with details of the stages of torture which accompanied their compilation. The example dealt with here was chosen not exactly at random, but by a kind of guesswork.

Anthony Barnett doesn't read Khmer, a limitation he shares with all but a dozen Westerners, and nearly all Asians — Vietnamese included. Even given a time-schedule more lavish than a reporter can normally command, he would not have been able to sort and assess all of Tuol Sleng's semi-organised documents.

But he does have some knowledge of the recent politics of Cambodia — better called Kampuchea — and especially of the history of the left in that country. He therefore asked to see and copy the confession of Hu Nim, a politician of substance, who once served in Prince Sihanouk's cabinet before the exclusion of socialists in 1963.

He was one of three ex-Ministers who fled to the forests in 1967, and became the public leaders of the liberation movement after 1970. The other two were Hou Yuon and Khieu Samphan — the Chinese called them 'The Three People's Heroes', but the Americans denied their existence, and called them 'The Three Ghosts'. After 1975, Hu Nim became Information Minister in the communist government of Pol Pot. Someone in Barnett's position has to start with a name: in very rough parallel, an investigator surveying the archives of Stalinism might ask for the dossier of a Tukhachevsky or a Bukharin.

Hu Nim was listed as present at a banquet held in Phnom Penh to honour a Chinese delegation in January 1977. He was strangely absent from a similar gathering held on 17 April, the second anniversary of the fall of the city. Officially, he was supplanted as Information Minister in December 1977 by Yun Yat, wife of Defence Minister, Son Sen.

That step completed the political supremecy of four men (Pol Pot, Ieng Sary, Son Sen and Khieu Samphan) who had been Parisian students in the fifties, and of the women who married the first three of them (Yun Yat, Khieu Thirith and Khieu Ponnary — the latter two being sisters).

In December 1978 the American journalist Richard Dudman, visiting Phnom Penh, was told that Hu Nim was 'still active in government'. We now know that he was killed halfway through that year (his entry in the Tuol Sleng death-list is reproduced on the first page of this section).

This year in Tuol Sleng Anthony Barnett was shown 'confessions' by Hu Nim totalling more than 200 pages. Each page is handwritten and signed. Thumbprints are attached to two of them, as our facsimile extract shows. These papers date from his arrest on 10 April to his execution on 6 July 1977.

In part, the confessions consist of a detailed autobiography, such that it would have been difficult for anyone but the man himself to have composed (he expresses, for instance, regret about sexual unfaithfulness to his wife: her name, it should be noted, occurs not long after his in the execution-lists). They are also partly the history of a particular, now notorious communist party.

But although many of the details are lifelike, and even interesting, the principal burden is obviously untrue — is fantastical, and grotesque. Hu Nim, apparently in his own hand, asserts that he was from 1957 onwards 'an officer of the CIA', directing every part of his life-work within the Kampuchean socialist movement towards

> the construction of capitalism in Kampuchea. . .completely toeing the line of the American imperialists.

And in the same precise script he 'confesses' that

> I'm not a human being, I'm an animal.

PLAINLY THE *significance* of such a document is not the credibility of its central proposition. Hu Nim, like most politicians, had his ambiguities — although most of the evidence about him suggests that his essential allegiance was to a kind of nationalist Maoism. The idea that he might have intrigued with Hanoi against an official Kampuchean regime is not absurd: and although he would have been as implausible as any other Khmer nationalist in the role of a Vietnamese agent, he might plausibly have committed some error or betrayal sufficient to earn a bullet in his head from one or other of the factions involved in the Indochinese wars.

But when he writes of himself as a cunning, lifelong CIA officer, of entirely undetectable duplicity ('The people saw me as a "progressive", a "leftist". In fact, deep in my mind. . .') he shows that what existed at Tuol Sleng was an organisation which could extract any desired confession from almost anyone.

That Pol Pot ran a violent, repressive regime is something scarcely open to question. Indeed, many of those who justify doing business with its remnants — often by way of attacks upon the Vietnamese who overturned it — start from this point. There is a right-wing argument which suggests that Pol Pot and his friends, while ferocious, were not more so that any other rough, tough Third World government. And there is a left-wing argument — still held, apparently, by Noam Chomsky — which suggests that, although Pol Pot made numerous brutal errors, the conception of something especially outlandish about his regime is a chimera bred-up by the Western (and Vietnamese) news-media. Also, of course, there is the fact that most of the Kampuchean coverage which the newspapers can now provide is devoted, properly enough, to the question of whether or not another famine can be avoided. Complex, remote and unfamiliar, Kampuchea has slipped down the list of fashionable tragedies.

But Hu Nim's 'confession', together with some of the other documents reproduced here — the slaughter lists, the daily prison returns, the insane diagrams representing notional CIA and KGB 'subversion' — may reassert the point that there was something entirely bizarre about the Pol Pot regime.

Bizarre, yet disturbingly familiar in parts. Here is a section of Hu Nim's confession, purportedly describing his relations with party workers in 1968, during the days of guerilla warfare:

> One day Comrade Sau and I had a discussion. . .(he) asked me: 'You used to live. . .in the Western world. What was their system, their way of life, their development like?'
> Because I was a CIA officer, traitor to the party,

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the people, I took that opportunity to influence Comrade Sau. In fact the capitalist system brings suffering to the poor, the workers and the peasants, and provides happiness to only a handful of capitalists. But I used my cheap traitorous concept and told Comrade Sau that 'there were great developments in capitalist countries, especially in technical fields. Farmers. . .plough with tractors. They use machines for everything. And they have freedom. . .Nowadays, the world has a tendency towards capitalism.'

Tractors especially were hate-objects to the Pol Pot regime, because they exemplified the corruptions of foreign technology: even a decade-old conversation referring to their usefulness could be a traitorous act. But whatever the particular item, this relentless coughing-up of yesterdays evokes a very specific memory; that of the Stalinist treason trials, and of subsequent epidemics of forced recantation. And the confessional minutiae are accompanied by something else which has been seen before: total psychological prostration, and the surrender of every trace of personal judgement. Hu Nim writes:

> For the past one-and-a-half months I have received lots of education from the Party. I have nothing to depend on, I have only the Communist Party of Kampuchea. Would the party please show clemency towards me. My life is completely dependent upon the party.
>
> If there is anything wrong in this report will the party please show clemency.
>
> With the most profound respect. 28/5/77

A few weeks after this, his name appears in an execution list.

THE MAN who wrote this confession was about 48, and had been politically engaged since his high-school days, when he joined the 'People's Movement', a group of middle-class youths opposed to French colonialism. As a journalist — one holding a PhD in law — and a notably talkative intellectual, he was no doubt easily portrayed in the latter stages of the Pol Pot nightmare as a born class-enemy.

But the suggestion that Pol Pot's clique represented peasant purity against corrupt bourgeois values should not be taken too seriously. Pol Pot, who surfaced from an almost totally mysterious background in 1976, described himself as coming from a 'poor peasant' family: in fact, he appears to be a relative of the Khmer royal family.

It took some time after his rise to power to discover that Pol Pot's original name was Saloth Sar.

A refugee named Laau Thuok, now working in Paris, recalls that during his own boyhood in the thirties Saloth Sar lived in the next-door village. He knew Sar 'very well . . . we often played together as boys'. Sar's father, he says, was a landowner 'with a name' in the area. He had a cousin who was one of the principal wives of King Monivong (1927-41) and a sister who was a royal concubine with a court title. His brother, Saloth Chhay, was employed in the royal palace at Phnom Penh. And Thuok says that at one point in the thirties the king visited Saloth Sar's family in their village. There is no doubt much more to be discovered about the curious kin-relationships among Kampuchean politicians: but the suggestion of any straight split between peasantry and bourgeois would be an heroic oversimplification.

Knowledge of Hu Nim, apart from that which may be gained through the strange distorting-glass of his confession, is scanty

Inside S 21

'S 21' was the identification for what became the main interrogation centre of the Pol Pot regime. Today it is known as Tuol Sleng. Here instruments of torture and iron beds stained with human blood and waste, are on display. In a museum of inhumanity, sunlight now fills what once were classrooms, and later reverberated to screams. As in many museums, the human experience on record seems unreal. In another room, a photographic display of mass graves which are surely authentic includes two pictures, reproduced from the Western press, which are known to be fabrications. There is, however, a vast mass of other evidence: the prison archives.

Nobody has suggested that the quantities of documents are not a genuine product of Pol Pot's Democratic Kampuchea. There are arrest books, small sheets typed out and stapled into months; day-sheets, recording the occupants by category; large sheets stapled at the top and headed *Chhmouk nak tous komtech*, literally 'the names of prisoners crushed to bits', followed by the date; and there are 'confessions'.

The Tuol Sleng complex consists of four large three-storey concrete buildings, with balcony corridors, which once had five classrooms on each floor, and a single-storey wooden building at the centre (see sketch map below). Its name has caused some confusion. It was a Phnom Penh secondary school, built away from the main roads in the Sihanouk period. Then it was called Lycée Ponhea Yat. Under Lon Nol, its name was changed to Tuol Svay Prey. Next door, a primary school of other buildings was known as Tuol Sleng. And because that was the best known name for identifying its whereabouts, what next became 'S 21' is now called Tuol Sleng.

It is staffed by Khmer and headed by an ex-prisoner, Ung Pech. He survived because he was the prison's mechanic. Evacuated with the fleeing prison guards, he escaped and returned. He found the place vandalized, its records strewn about, many outside. (One of Hu Nim's confessions is damaged by what looks like rain and sun.) The archives are therefore seriously incomplete. Apparently they show that in 1975, 154 prisoners were taken in. For 1976, 2,250 are recorded. The figure rises to 6,330 for 1977, and to 5,765 for the first half of 1978 only. After that the records are lost. Thus a total of 14,449 prisoners has it seems been logged as entering S 21. Ung Pech reckons that there were also 2,000 children, and a considerable intake during the last half of 1978. The figure of 20,000 prisoners usually cited is therefore his estimate based on these projections.

The prison held an average of 1,000 to 1,500 at any one time. Stays there were short and almost always fatal. In October 1977 when the rate of exterminations accelerated, 179 were killed on the 18th, 88 on the 20th, and 148 on the 23rd. On the 15th, 418 were killed, the second highest daily total of all. The greatest single figure was 582, recorded on 27 May 1978; on other days, there were no executions. None of three 'day lists' selected at random recorded any. It seems that the condemned were gathered in lots over some time, and driven off together to be eliminated.

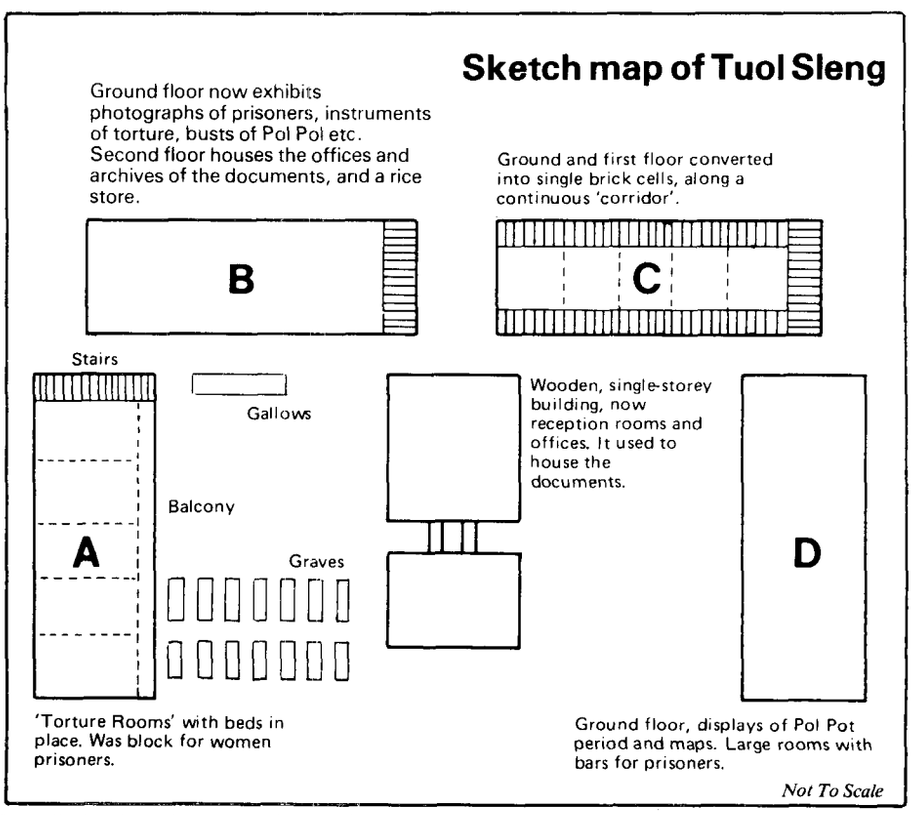
The two highest totals were all of soldiers from the Khmer Rouge Army, called back from the Eastern Region which borders on Vietnam. The prison was basically a political one, for personnel from the regime itself. But at least a thousand others have been recorded, and a full list of their names published. They include: 324 workers from various factories: 206 officers from the Sihanouk and Lon Nol Army; 113 teachers and professors; 87 foreigners, mainly Thai and Lao; 148 elite Khmer who returned from abroad; 194 students, and as well doctors and engineers. Many names are recorded of those who never saw Tuol Sleng, as one of the purposes of the confessions was to obtain lists of 'traitors'. Fantastic charts of 'lines' of contacts were then drawn up, in coloured inks.

All the material is being looked after by a small staff of untrained and often shattered personnel. Some valuable confessions are missing. Chau Seng's was called away by the Tribunal which judged Pol Pot and Ieng Sary *in absentia* last August, but has not been returned. Others have been stolen by staff who have defected and sold them, apparently to Pol Pot supporters. Thus an invaluable record is being lost. In the Tuol Sleng offices, papers are piled on open desks, old cupboards are stacked unsystematically (see photos). But in one corner there is a neat card index — part of the 'S 21' system for keeping tabs on its records of death.

Under Pol Pot, S 21 had a large staff: guards on every floor night and day; lorry drivers; torturers; typists; file-clerks. As the pressure mounted, the system 'improved'. More detailed forms were developed. In 1978 'A' Block, which had housed women prisoners became the place for interrogation. Previously this had taken place across the road, Ung Pech explained. Instead of hand-written accounts, typists recorded confessions as prisoners were worked upon. It is claimed that those whose bodies were found shackled to their beds in 'A' block were the last of these victims.

A.B.

Sketch map of Tuol Sleng


Ground floor now exhibits photographs of prisoners, instruments of torture, busts of Pol Pol etc. Second floor houses the offices and archives of the documents, and a rice store.
Ground and first floor converted into single brick cells, along a continuous 'corridor'.
B
C
Stairs
Gallows
Balcony
A
Graves
Wooden, single-storey building, now reception rooms and offices. It used to house the documents.
D
'Torture Rooms' with beds in place. Was block for women prisoners.
Ground floor, displays of Pol Pot period and maps. Large rooms with bars for prisoners.
Not To Scale

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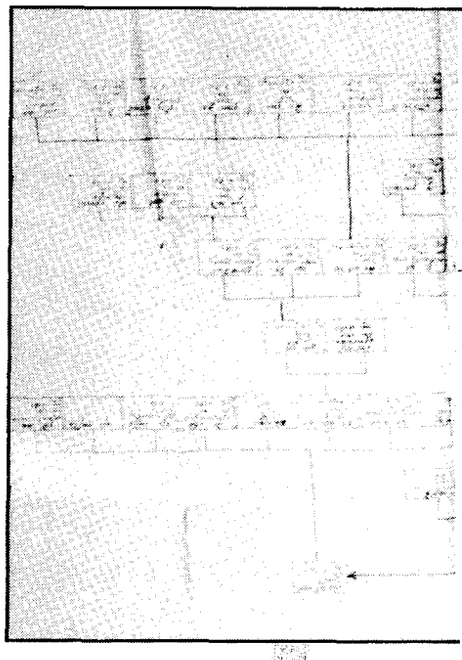
A cupboard of documents at Tuol Sleng, apparently some of the 11,000 confessions and dossiers

Chart headed: 'The Network of So Nem before liberated). One of two hundred or so survivin shown here with a double line. Working outward this diagram of his contacts during the Lon Nol



Contact Network of So Nem before the 17th (April 1975)

- Lon Nol — General — Now: Unknown
  - Thach Ren — Now: Unknown
  - Tan Sour — Now: America
    - Ung Sy Khun — Secretary of State — Now: Unknown
      - Kim Chhe — Trader — Now: Unknown
      - Laau Bun Pa — Trader — Now: Unknown
      - Nget Hean
      - Reay Saum — Now: Unknown
    - Thong Lim Hong — Now: Unknown
  - Lim Kim San — Now: Unknown
  - Les Kasem — Now: Unknown
  - Hour Hang In — Lieutenant — Now: Unknown
  - Thach Pauch — Lieutenant — Now: America
    - Son That — Member of Parliament — Now: Unknown
      - Bun Van Tha — Now: Unknown
  - Im Nhorm — Now: Unknown
    - Ky Tang Im — Minister — c. 1958 — Now: Unknown
  - Lim Choun — Now: America
    - Tam R — c. 1956 — Now: U
    - Kong Orn — Minister — Now: Unknown
      - So Nem — The Confessor
        - Tan Beng Chhoun — Doctor — Now: Unknown
        - In Heung — Doctor — Now: Unknown
        - Ream Sek — Now: Unknown
        - Ung Try — Doctor — Now: Unknown
        - Illegible
        - Ly Phen — Now: Unknown
        - Prak Ysophon — Now: Unknown
        - Peng Song Kim Seang — Now: Unknown
          - Tan Kadompy — Constructor — Now: Unknown
          - Ung Philosopary — Engineer — Held by the Organisation
          - Ky T — Engir — Held — Orga
      - Hout Kim Leang — Teacher — Now: Unknown

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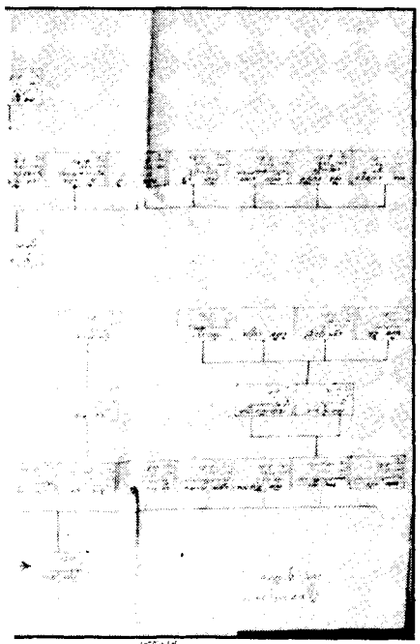
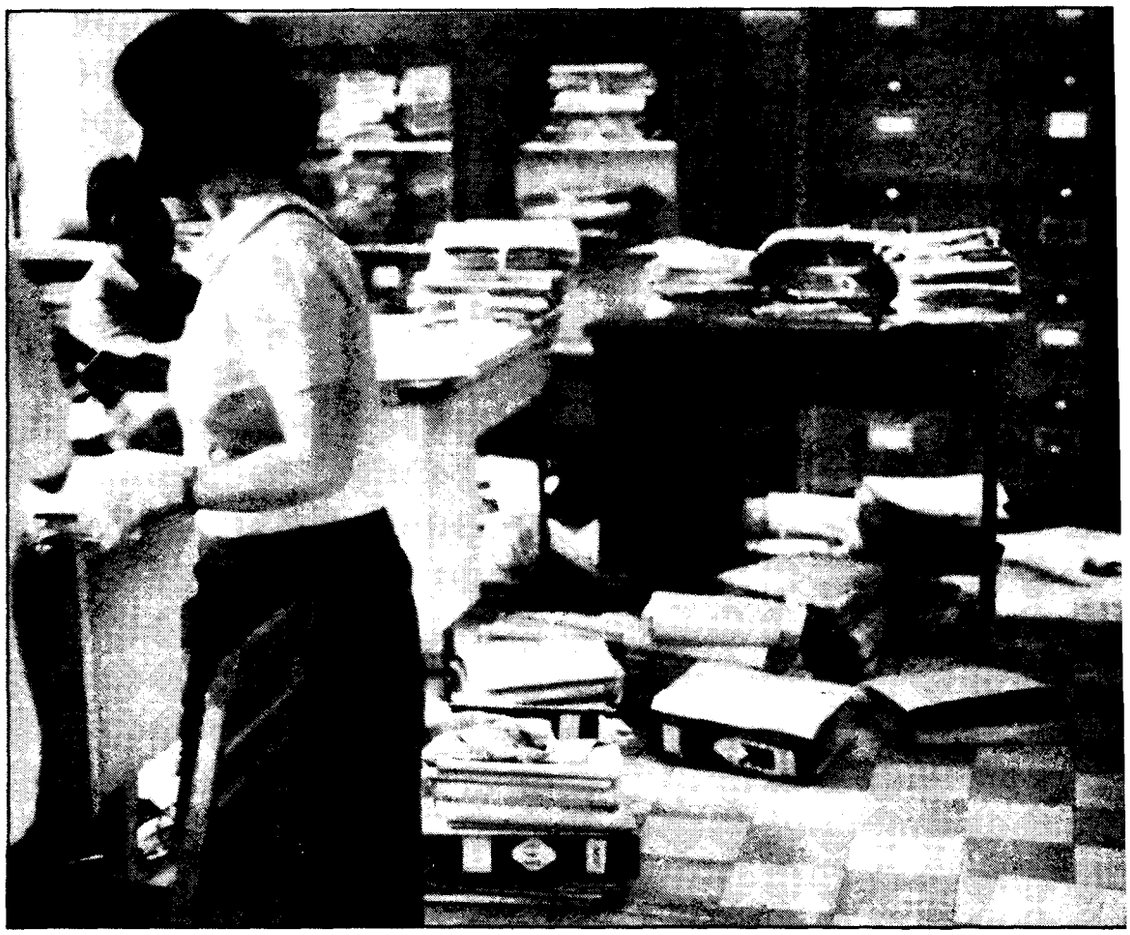
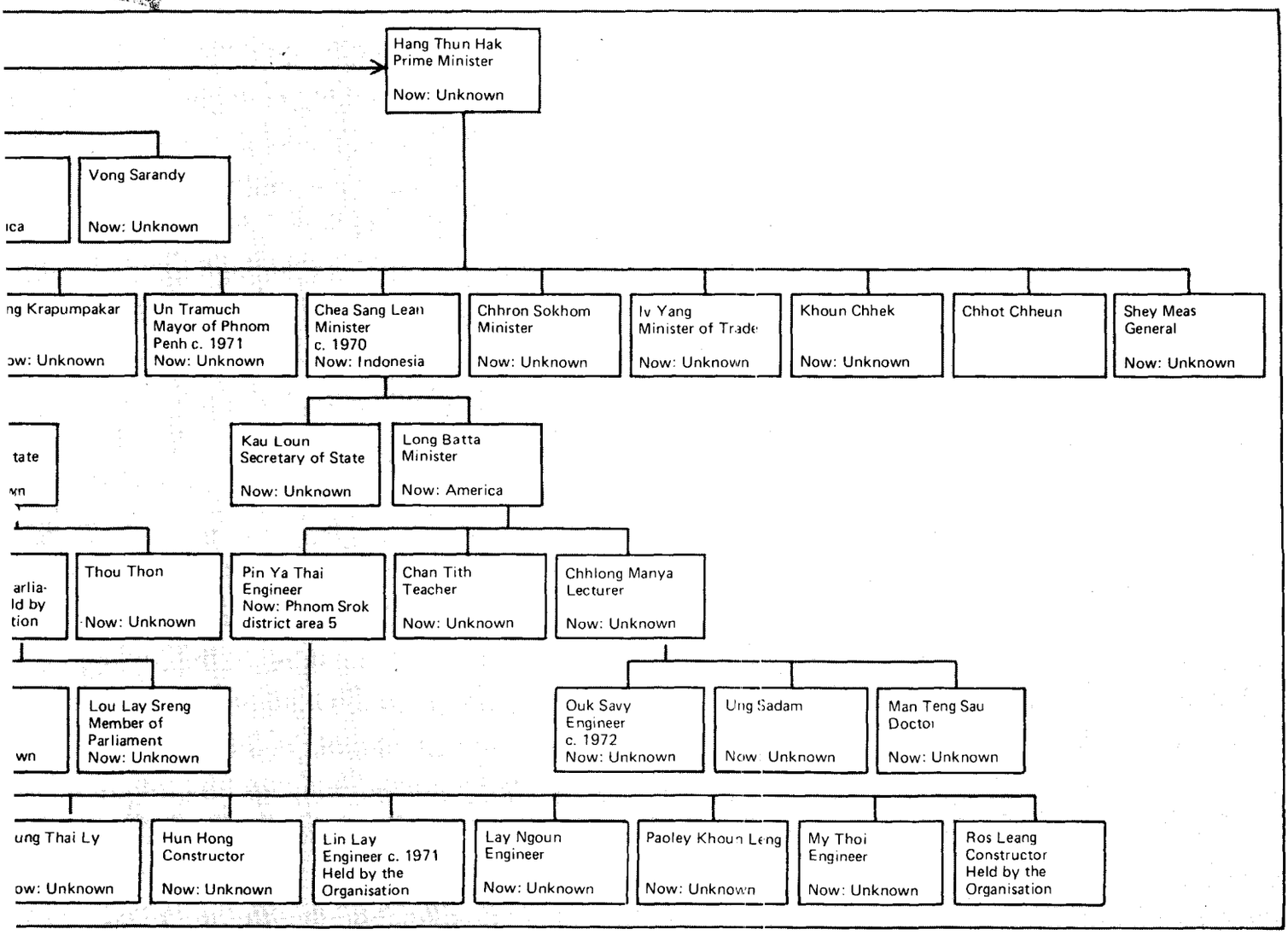
ks of a aranoia

the 17th April 1975 when Phnom Penh was vn in multi-coloured inks. So Nem's box is nfession, So Nem's interrogators constructed Others show 'CIA' or 'KGB' networks.





The documents room at Tuol Sleng



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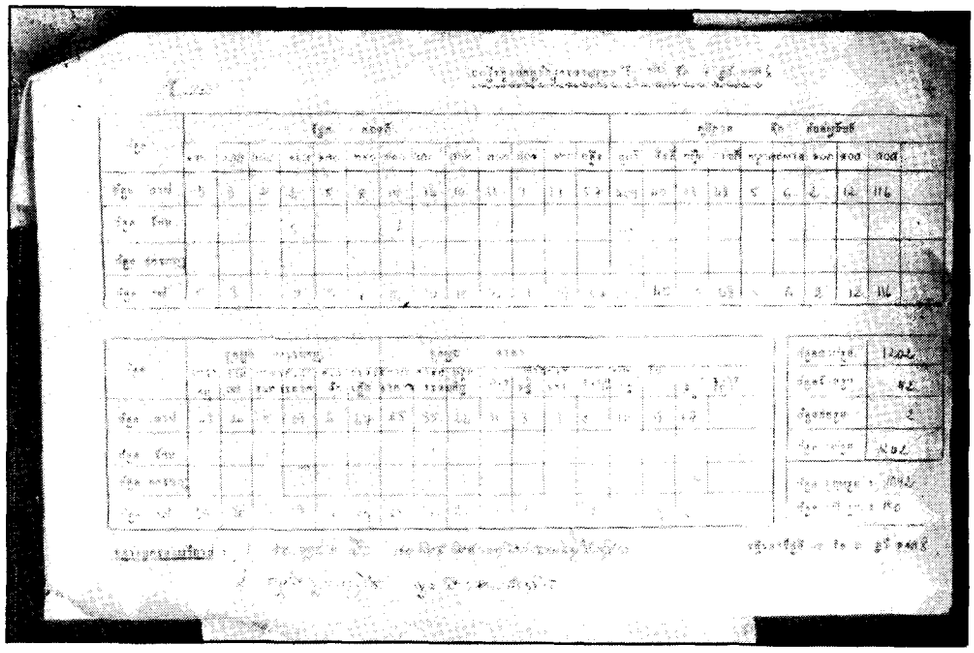

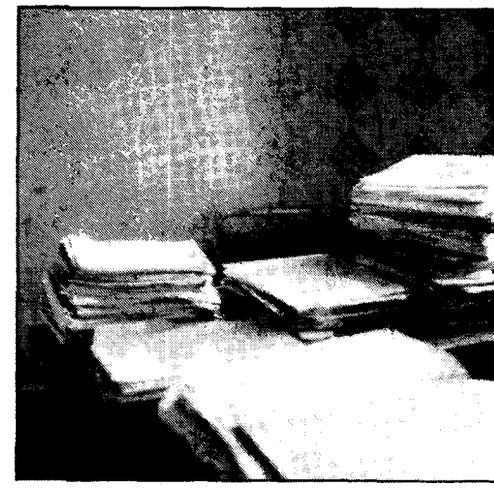

The prison officers filled in a duplicated 'day sheet' of the number of prisoners held, by category. They were broken down by military unit, region and State Ministry. The sheet translated here was taken at random from the pile on the office table shown in the picture.

Office S. 21 — Daily List of Prisoners Held 20 month 4 year 1978

Number	MILITARY SECTION													ZONE OR AUTONOMOUS REGION								
	152	377	488	164	170	290	310	450	520	703	801	920	Office	E	S-W	W	N-W	Centre	N-E	103	105	505
Previous Number	5	3	2	2	5	8	15	14	10	31	1	19	57	409	40	13	48	5	6	2	12	116
Arrivals				2			1			3				28								
Departures														1								
Number Remaining	5	3	2	7	5	8	16	14	10	34	1	19	57	436	40	13	48	5	6	2	12	116

Number	INDUSTRY MINISTRIES						OTHER MINISTRIES											
	Industry	Energy	Pub. Works	Land Trans.	Water Trans.	Railways	Information	Finance	Social affairs	State Cm'ce	State Wh'se	Sewing	Polish House	State Agric.	Post	Writing	Forest Thief	
Previous Number	48	20	5	19	6	27	68	35	22	31	3	9	2	14	9	67		
Arrivals			4					1										
Departures																1		
Number Remaining	48	20	9	19	6	27	68	36	22	31	3	9	2	14	9	66		

Total previous no.	1202
Total arrivals	42
Total departures	2
Total no. remaining	1242
Total males	1092
Total females	105

Names of prisoners died of sickness: Issued on 20 Month 4 Year 1978

1. Tith Kdan called Yoeum (Revolutionary name) battallion deputy commander of region 23 died of hand infection.
2. Nguveng Lay Troeung, yuon (Vietnamese) died of hand infection.

enough itself. After the French granted independence, he studied for two years in Paris. In 1957 he was elected to the National Assembly. He travelled to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and although his confession states that his aim then was one of 'changing the line of the Communist Party of Kampuchea . . . into a revisionist party and movement', he took conspicuous stands against revisionism in the Soviet Union, and moved steadily towards the Chinese anti-revisionist ideas which exploded in the Cultural Revolution.

He spent a month in China on the eve of the Cultural Revolution in 1965 — to the fury of Prince Sihanouk, who had already expelled Hu Nim from the cabinet. Together with Phouk Chhay, he was the leader of the anti-revisionist movement in Phnom Penh and other towns. Sihanouk accused them of 'attacking the Soviet Union without reason', and during the next couple of years Sihanouk's attacks on Hu Nim became, in effect, denunciations of him as a *Chinese* front-man:

> Phouk Chhay is the fiercest among this handful of people who aid China. The most dissolute and dishonest is Hu Nim . . . (they) have excluded themselves from the national community . . .

There is dizzying lunacy in the idea that Hu Nim was undertaking all this pro-Chinese, pro-Maoist campaigning on behalf of the *CIA*. It was years before the rapprochement between Mao and the Americans: by the time Hu Nim came to 'confess' that this was so, he was confessing it to people whose own principal supporters were the Chinese, and (indirectly) the Americans. Sihanouk's verbal assaults turned into direct, unmistakable threat by October 1967.

> I consider Hu Nim and his associates as traitors, and they will be subjected to the military tribunal and the execution block.

Two days later, Hu Him slipped away from his house, went into the jungle, and became one of the Three Heroes (or Ghosts). The confession gives elaborate detail of how he spent the next few years scheming towards the restoration of capitalism in Kampuchea — but the outside world, of course, had little knowledge of Hu Nim until he emerged with the victorious Khmer Rouge leadership after the fall of Phnom Penh in 1975.

THERE IS NO EVIDENCE that 'Maoists' like Hu Nim and Phouk Chhay opposed the spectacular evacuation of Phnom Penh in 1975 and the rurally-based radicalism that provided its ideological justification. Indeed, refugees have reported having seen him chatting to the evacuees on their way out of the city.

Internal evidence from the confession suggests that his doubts began to grow at the end of 1976, or the start of 1977 — when Pol Pot began to introduce compulsory collective eating, administrative purges down to village level, and simultaneous attempts to eliminate all senior party opponents. He writes that he found himself 'disturbed and tormented' by theoretical documents about collectivism produced at a party study session. Still

> my strategy was that if I violently, openly and frontally opposed the party, I could not succeed in my main aim.

This is one of the points where his 'main aim' is not specified, and is not attached to grotesqueries about 'toeing the line of the imperialists'. It is one of the most tantalising sections of the document: for it seems as though under the tortured, lunatic superstructure of 'confession' one can discern some shadowy narrative telling the story of the Kampuchean communists' resistance to Pol Pot.

That resistance was utterly destroyed — 'crushed to bits' — by the relentless machinery of Tuol Sleng. Yet, just as the dreadful records of the Gestapo give, here and there, some clues as to the nature of the people they destroyed, there may be more information about the liquidated opposition buried away in the 11,000-or-so confessions and dossiers which lie in Tuol Sleng awaiting investigation.

And indeed there are traces of this resistance which can be picked up from other sources. Some time ago a Khmer Rouge defector to Thailand reported that around 1976-77 'several members of the party such as Hu Nim and Nhim asked the party to have mercy on the people, saying that the party must act to carry out democratic actions according to the democratic system. They said that working people must not be persecuted, and foreign aid must be accepted so that the Kampuchean people do not suffer too much. Such opinions were regarded by the party as subversion . . .'

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IT IS REASONABLE to estimate that Hu Nim was one of these 'subversives'. We don't know what was different about him and his fellow-objectors. They had, after all, passed through as much war and bloodshed as the rest of the party leadership: witnessed, and presumably sanctioned terrible deeds and events. (The long columns of Phnom Penh evacuees with whom Hu Nim was seen conversing in 1975 included sick and wounded who were literally walking to their deaths.) But there was apparently something in them which revolted against the proposition that killing and repression, once begun, should simply continue until a whole population — or its remnant — could be fitted into one unyielding social and moral framework.

What is clear is that for Hu Nim's interrogators it was crucially necessary to establish that this was an ideological flaw present in him from the beginning. Even the People's Movement which he joined at Sisowath High School had to be

> a traitorous movement which the American imperialist firstly formed as an instrument of aggression against the nation and people of Kampuchea . . . It is very painful for me that when I was 22 years old I chose this wrong road. It is this first wrong road that determined my future in life and politics for 25 years . . .

While he was in the People's Movement the future Maoist succumbed to a remarkable, and indeed quite inconsistent set of ideological infections. He became 'prone to private property', and was seized by 'a concept and standpoint (that) was petty bourgeois, *capitalist* and *feudalist*' (emphasis added: the idea of a capitalist feudalist would have astounded Marx).

But this was only the preparation for a formal enlistment into the service of the Americans. Not long after his return from study in France, Hu Nim set out to become a member of the Legislative Assembly, which meant joining the Popular Socialist Community, the only vehicle possible at the time. He was introduced to the party by two of its existing members — one of whom, Mau Say, was on this confessional evidence an officer of the CIA, and used the occasion to induct Hu Nim into that service. Purportedly Hu Nim 20 years later had a perfect recollection of the almost Masonic formulation employed:

> Mau Say . . . laid down the conditions, saying: 'Both of us will agree to act as referees for you to join the Popular Socialist Community . . . and accord you status, on condition that you follow our leadership and all our orders, as an officer of the CIA, serving the activities of the CIA, serving American imperialism and opposing communism . . . and successfully heading towards the construction of capitalism in Kampuchea, completely toeing the line of the Free World and the American imperialists . . .'

But for all this secret pledging, the young journalist-politician appears not to have committed any overt acts of imperialism such as might be confessed to — even under torture — two decades later. Therefore the confession manufactures fierce rhetoric about the difference between his outward socialism and his deeply-buried motives.

> On the surface it seemed that I was a 'total revolutionary', as if I was 'standing on the people's side'. . .If the people listened to my speeches on the open parliamentary platform about 'opposing American imperialism and its lackeys', it sounded very sharp. But in fact, deep in my mind, the essence was service of the American imperialists. . .I wrote a thesis for my law doctorate which even took a progressive stand (on reform of economic administration) . . . These were the cheapest acts which hid my reactionary, traitorous, corrupted elements, representing the feudalist, capitalist, imperialist establishment and the CIA. . .

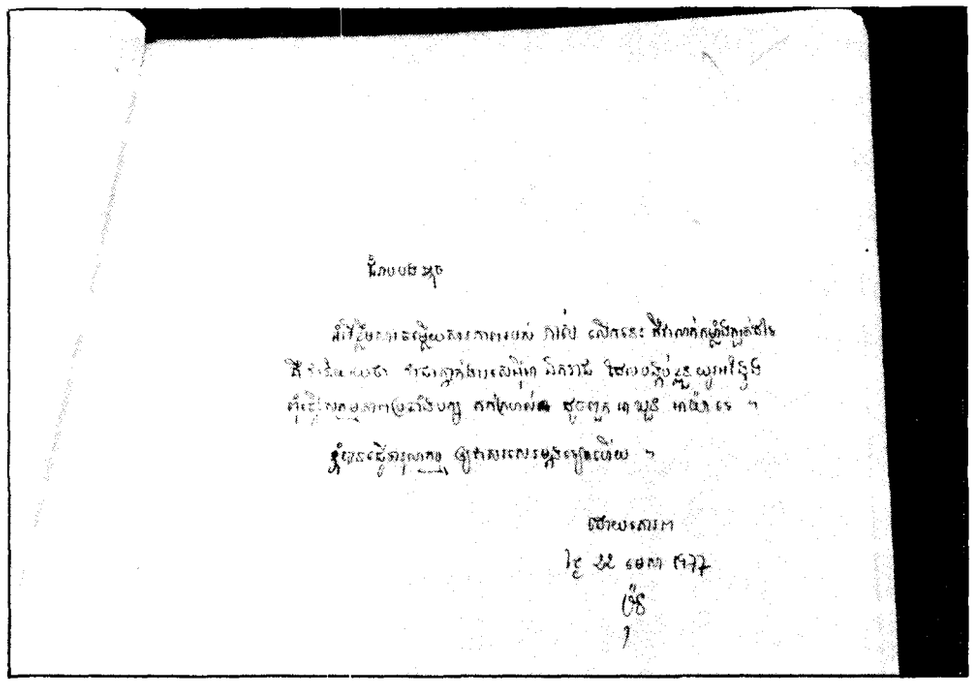
For a simple murder, of course, nothing but convenience is necessary. But in order to justify the liquidation of a well-known public figure, and indeed a 'People's Hero', something more than this kind of induced rhetoric must be obtained. Having established Hu Nim as a CIA officer, the confession moves on, gathers up one or two shreds of what may be genuine fact, and conjures up the outline of a lethal accusation: the formation of an illegitimate and secret party-within-the-party. This was the 'Marxist-Leninist Party' of Kampuchea, named so 'as to make it easier to gather forces from the left, right and centre'. It was constituted, Hu Nim told his interrogators, in order to

> . . .seize power and rule Kampuchea in the form of a capitalist state within the framework of the Free World. . .operational methods were — to gather all possible forces, including the Pracheachon group*, in order to succeed in the above aim; — to bury ourselves inside the Communist Party of Kampuchea — to change the line of the KPC. . .into a revisionist party and movement. . .

However, this lethal conspiracy never had more than three members, and existed for only one meeting. During 1967, Hu Nim records, the Khmer-Chinese Friendship Association mounted an exhibition of Chinese cultural and artistic works. Two friends of Hu Nim's helped organise the exhibition — Phouk Chhay, co-target of Sihanouk's denunciations, and Van Tep Sovan — and he met them during the course of it. He then 'confesses' that they formed a party on the spot, although

> as for the administration, there was no secretary yet, because it was the first meeting.

It was also the last, because almost immediately Sihanouk issued his threat, and the flight to the jungle began. Quite soon Phouk Chhay



To brother Deuch,
This time the gist of Phoas's confession is that he hid other traitorous forces . . . He said that he is an independent CIA officer who buried himself for a long time, and did not carry out any impetuous anti-party activities, like those of the wicked Khoun and Ya groups.
I have tortured him to write it again.

With respect
22 April 1977
Pon

Prisoners had to rewrite their confessions. There were at least seven confessions by Hu Nim, written in the course of three months; this sheet was on the front of a shorter and earlier one.

Khieu Samphan: 15 April 1977

We must wipe out the enemy in our capacity as masters of the situation, following the lines of domestic policy, foreign policy and military policy of our revolutionary organization. Everything must be done neatly and thoroughly. We must not become absent minded, careless or forgetful, because of past victories. On the contrary, we must further steel ourselves, remain alert, constantly maintain the spirit of revolutionary vigilance and continue to fight and suppress all stripes of enemy at all times.

From BBC Summary of World Broadcasts: FE/5487/B/4

Today Khieu Samphan is presented as relatively moderate compared to Pol Pot (see, for example, the *Observer*, 30 March 1980). This not very moderate statement comes from a speech that signalled the turning point two weeks before the major attacks across the Vietnamese border began. It was made five days after Hu Nim's arrest, and a week before the note (see top of page) from Hu Nim's torturer to his superior.

* The Pracheachon (Citizens) group was a communist organisation — semi-legal under Sihanouk — made up of veterans of the Viet-Minh supported Kampuchean resistance to the French, 1946-54. Because of their Vietnamese connections, Pracheachon members were among the Pol Pot regime's primary targets.

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was arrested and Van Tep Sovan killed: thus the 'Marxist-Leninist Party of Kampuchea' — probably, outside of a torturer's imagination, nothing more than a political discussion between three friends — came to an end.

Yet it preserves, for confessional purposes, a weird and ghostly existence. Three years later, in the *maquis*, the People's Hero Hu Nim meets another undercover CIA officer, the notorious traitor 'Khuon' (real name Koy Thuon, and since executed: he can be seen in the group picture at the head of this article). In stilted, conspiratorial tones they discuss its possible merger with Khuon's 'Workers' Party', a body of little, if any, greater substance:

> (Khuon said): 'When you formed it in 1967 there were only three of you. . .you are the only one left. If you want to dissolve it into our Workers' Party, that is all right . . . It's up to you.'
>
> I answered Khuon immediately: 'It would be very good to merge them together because the two parties have only one aim, i.e. to overthrow the Communist Party of Kampuchea, seize power and rule Kampuchea in the form of a capitalist country, completely toeing the line etc'.

YET THERE ARE patches where something recognisable as the life of a guerilla politician engaged in a terrifying war. He recalls 1973 as 'the year that the (US) enemies waged a big air war in Kampuchea. All types of airplanes including the dreadful B-52s dropped bombs which shook the land and shook the water . . .' The work of a propaganda office in the 'liberated zone' (apparently Hu Nim's responsibility) consisted to a considerable extent of helping the soldiers keep the slit-trenches in good repair.

Whether as a make-weight to add to a confession clearly lacking in concrete acts of imperialism, or as a device for the erosion of self-respect, Hu Nim was made to acknowledge sexual betrayal as well (of course, the Pol Pot regime was concerned to impose an iron chastity).

> I would like to tell the party that when I got back to the liberated zone (in 1971) I was aroused by a woman and was unfaithful to my wife. At that time she was very sick and I took her to the hospital. . .
>
> I betrayed her, who loved me as much as her own life: while she yet lived, I asked a peasant girl from the south-west to marry me. . .I hurt myself very much with this big mistake. I was a traitor to the party and also to my family. . .

Quite what to make of this is not clear. Apparently nothing came of the peasant marriage, and clearly Hu Nim's wife survived her illness — to be executed eventually in Tuol Sleng.

OPENING A NEW SECTION, Hu Nim writes: 'I would now like to tell the party about my traitorous activities after the liberation' (as Minister of Information). These again are essentially insubstantial, but conjured to sound impressive — and the mysterious authority-figures of 'Brother No. 1' and 'Brother No. 2' begin to appear.

He meets Khuon and discusses the business of feeding radio performers. 'I told him we ate according to the Organisation's rules . . . lacking vegetables, meat and fish'.

> Khuon then said: 'You must feed the performers well, otherwise they can't work. . .'
>
> From the following day Khuon sent a carload of vegetables, fish and meat to the artistic group every morning. And from then on I allowed male and female performers to go . . . to meet Khuon all the time. So I am a traitor to the party, I am a traitor to the party's secrecy policy, a traitor to the Organisation's instructions which forbid people to contact one another and do not permit people to go in and out from one Ministry to another without permission.

It seems to be significant that the Tuol Sleng prison-return forms (one is reproduced here) were based on the proportions of prisoners held from each government department. Connections, as the strange 'network' charts show, were one obsession of Pol Pot's regime. And resistance to the national policy of seclusion and monasticism was building up by 1976. Hu Nim admits to knowing about the first meetings, though apparently he was not caught up in the 'network'. Brother Nhim, who did not agree with the 'self-reliance policy', and wanted to obtain 'materials, machinery and tractors from other countries', held a meeting in Phnom Penh with brothers Phim, Khoun and Doeun, where they agreed to

> rule Kampuchea as a revisionist country like Vietnam, toeing the line of the Soviet Union, and accepting aid from all countries. . .especially the United States. . .
>
> Later the Organisation took measures to deal with Khuon (after he had committed a moral transgression with a woman). Brother No 2 . . . told us about (Khuon's) corrupt history. . .The Organisation had tried very hard to educate Khuon, but he had never changed.

'Brother No. 1' is fairly certainly Pol Pot, and 'No. 2' very likely to be Ieng Sary. Why numbers? Merely to be *named* — however peripherally — in one of these confessions appears to have led directly to inclusion in a 'network', arrest, torture, confession in turn, and execution. There was perhaps reason for the masters of the Organisation to keep their own names secluded from the process.

THE YEAR 1977 began with 'Prom Sam Ar hanging himself'. Hu Nim says that he was much 'disturbed' by policy sessions run for 'the core of the Organisation', about

> . . .class positions in the new Kampuchean society. . .about materialism, about the abolition of money, about popular education. . .It disturbed and tormented most those individuals who were prone to private property and had strong middle-class, feudalist and capitalist standpoints.

Then 'Brother No 1' requested a 'new orientation in broadcasting', asking that 'the building of socialism be pushed very strongly by broadcasting about models.' These models were to be regions of Kampuchea of which 'No. 1' approved: especially Kompong Chhnang, 'where they use no machinery at all, only labour'. Kompong Chhnang, said Brother No. 1, was supporting the state much more than the Northern or Northwestern zones.

> After listening to Brother No. 1 I saw great shortcomings in my past work, because we had spoken well of both zones. . .in texts as well as songs. The declaration of Brother No. 1. . .made me realise that Nhim's stand, for a system of plenty, was a great deal different from the party line. But I did not report it to Brother No 1 because I was already a traitor.

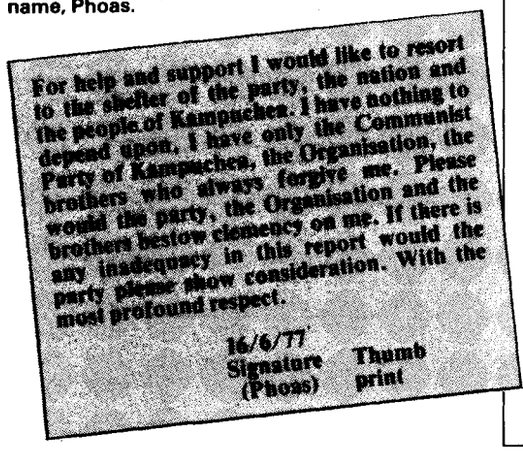
Just what happened next is obscure. Apparently Hu Nim tried to reach the Northwest zone, to speak to Nhim, by travelling with a visiting North Korean film unit. But he was recalled to Phnom Penh, where he heard that the Organisation was making numerous arrests. He says:

> I would like to tell the party, with respect:
>
> After Brother No 2 had two work meetings with me, the last day being 10 April 1977, I gave myself to the party.
>
> From then on I have been doing self-criticism every day. I see that my criminal acts against the Organisation, against the Communist Party of Kampuchea, against the nation and people of Kampuchea, are of great dimension.

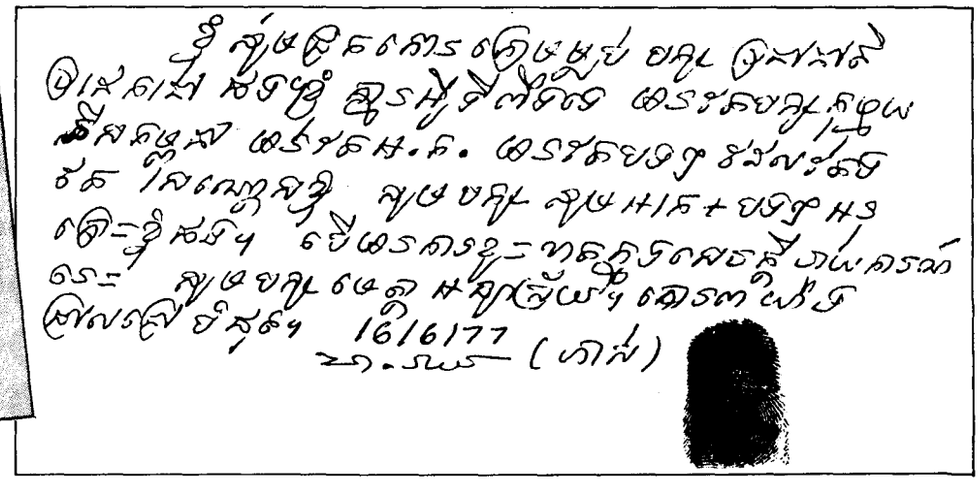
After thanking the party for 'lots of education', he makes his fruitless appeal for clemency, and appends a list of 91 other 'traitors'. He was 'crushed to bits' on the same day as Phouk Chhay; given the maniac precision of the system, this could hardly be fortuitous.

Ben Kiernan and Chanthou Boua are editors of *Peasants and Politics in Kampuchea, 1942-79*, forthcoming from Zed Press, London.

At the end of many of the confessions, which were signed on every page, the prisoner placed his thumb print. This is the conclusion to one of Hu Nim's confessions, signed with his political name, Phoas.


For help and support I would like to resort to the shelter of the party, the nation and the people of Kampuchea. I have nothing to depend upon. I have only the Communist Party of Kampuchea, the Organisation, the brothers who always forgive me. Please would the party, the Organisation and the brothers bestow clemency on me. If there is any inadequacy in this report would the party please show consideration. With the most profound respect.

16/6/77
Signature (Phoas)
Thumb print



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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Hermione Lee

I Know What I Want

Henry James: Letters II 1875-1883 edited by Leon Edel *Macmillan* £15

There can be only one qualm about Leon Edel's scholarly monopoly of his subject. Will it leaves us with a Henry James too confinedly presented through the choices, the tastes, and the judgments of one editor? Edel says that these letters are 'selected from great masses of correspondence in many archives', and presumably the most telling and interesting have been chosen for this magnificent collection. But if read alongside Edel's biography, they confirm all its assessments, reiterate all its emphases. One wonders if another editor would have conveyed in any way a different 'Henry James'?

That being said, there's nothing to complain of. It's a marvellously rich record, interspersed with lively precise editorial summaries, of James's 'taking possession' of Europe. The period covers the serialisation of *The American,* the publication of 'Daisy Miller', 'An International Episode', *The Europeans, Hawthorne, Washington Square,* and *Confidence,* and the completion of *The Portrait of a Lady.* James moves from Paris to London, establishes himself very completely in English society, returns briefly to America, and is faced with the death of both his parents. At the age of forty he prepares to leave America again, this time for twenty years. The volume concludes with a triumphant leave-taking: 'I sail tomorrow for the ancient world.'

It's the phase in James's life most notorious for his 'conquest' of England's dinner-tables, clubs and country houses, which he embarked on with extraordinary dedication (there's the famous story of his having dined out 140 times in the winter of 1878-9) and deliberateness: 'You have to try one by one so many uninteresting people to hit upon even the possibly interesting ones.' The letters convey James's social appetite very keenly. They're not interesting so much for the portraits of famous individuals, though these are good (Browning reading his poems 'as if he hated them and would like to bite them to pieces', Leslie Stephen's 'ineffable and impossible taciturnity and dreariness', Andrew Lang who 'though a Scotchman, seemed quite a delightful fellow', etc.), as for the sense they give that the writer is taking the measure of a society of which he intends to become the 'moral portrait-painter'.

The picture is largely affectionate and enthusiastic, and he shows considerable complacency at having 'arrived': 'It is a glorious old place — an immense park: oaks six hundred years old, browsing deer etc; the house — quite "a great" one — was full of easy, friendly people; and the combination of the spacious, lounging, talking-all-day life, the beautiful place, the dinner-party each night . . . all this was excellent of its kind.' 'What strikes me here is that everyone is someone or something — represents something — has, in some degree or other, an historical identity.' 'You must indeed come and pay me a visit . . . I will introduce you to every one you ever heard of.'

But the London season does begin to pall, and there are increasing reservations about English culture (the Royal Academy is 'the biggest vulgarity of the age', Irving's acting is 'wretched') and about some English characteristics — 'un-ironic' dullness, philistinism, 'the politics of middle-class Toryism and the *Daily Telegraph*'. And there are shrewdly prescient accounts of England's political future:

> She will push further and further her non-fighting and keeping-out-of-scrapes-policy, until contemptuous Europe . . . shall put upon her some supreme and unendurable affront. Then — too late — she will rise ferociously and plunge clumsily and unpreparedly into war . . . and when she is laid on her back will exhibit — in her colossal wealth and pluck — an unprecedented power of resistance. But she will never really recover as a European power.

Still, he continues to prefer London's 'great rotundity' to 'the little Parisian horizon' (where in 1876 he wrote brilliant accounts of Turgenieff and of Flaubert's 'narrow' circle, Goncourt, Daudet, etc. — 'a queer lot'), and to the provincialism of his native land, which was forcibly illustrated by the outraged American reception of James's book on Hawthorne, with its idea that 'it takes an old civilization to set a novelist in motion'. When he returns to America he feels 'desperately homesick': 'I have seen many persons — but no personages; have heard much talk — but no conversation.' Only Italy, and especially Venice ('I adore it — have fallen deeply and desperately in love with it'), provides a rival to his feelings for England.

Like his choice of country, his professional decisions reveal a mind set with remarkable certainty on a clearly envisaged path. As Edel says in the biography, it's 'as if Henry were proceeding according to a deliberate timetable'. There are difficulties. The letters home deal delicately with periodic financial embarrassments; 'Henry James Jr' frequently has to reassure his parents that he will eventually be able to reimburse them 'not only in coin, but in reflected glory'. There are transatlantic business problems: the *Tribune* complains that his letters from Paris are 'too good' and not 'gossipy' enough, and he loses the American copyright of *Daisy Miller.* His work is criticised by his American mentors:

Doubting Thomas

he literary establishment convened in the Martini errace (the 16th floor of New Zealand House, with fine view of the political establishment) to drink lartinis and witness the presentation of the first rts Council National Book Awards. The creation f these awards is welcome and over-due; the prize-oney, £7,500 to each of the three winners, is not generous.

Books are divided into three categories, with a ngle judge presiding over each. This year's judges ere Mr Kingsley Amis (fiction), Dame Veronica edgewood (history and biography), and Sir John tjeman (children's books). Both the categories and e judges thus afford little hope to authors engaged the subversive project of criticism, whether literary, cial or political. But that's your British literary ablishment all over — nothing contentious or pleasant, please.

Oddly, the anaesthetic was only partially successful. Though Colin Dunn, author of *The Animals of Farthing Wood* (Heinemann), said nothing at all on receiving his cheque, and Penelope Lively, author of the winning novel *The Treasure of Time* (Heinemann), spoke only a few, shy, decent phrases of thanks, the third prize-winner, Hugh Thomas, dropped a bomb. Offered £7,500 by Mr Kenneth Robinson, Chairman of the Arts Council, he most courteously acknowledged the honour but left the huge cheque throbbing on the table.

Why? Because Thomas's *An Unfinished History of the World* (Hamish Hamilton) attributes 'the decay of civilisation and the collapse of society' to mounting state intervention. So how could he be consistent with his belief and yet accept state patronage. Bravo, Mr Thomas! This gesture of integrity was greeted, as you may imagine, by a gutless, uncomfortable silence: no hisses, no applause — merely little mean thoughts about where the money would now go and couldn't some other author have had it?

Mr Thomas was until recently a professor in a state-funded university (Reading). Why he should accept state patronage in that intellectual capacity but not as an author is not clear. If our universities are relatively free of direct political pressure so equally is the Arts Council. Mr Thomas, an ardent convert to apocalyptic conservatism, is now associated with Sir Keith Joseph's Centre for Policy Studies. But he is a man of principle (he resigned from the Foreign Office in 1956 over Suez) who has now achieved an ironic reversal of John Berger's rejection of capitalist patronage, in the shape of Booker Prize money, in 1972.

Dame Veronica was a bit hurt. She has taken note of his views but, after all, it was only a book. Surely books and life aren't quite the same? Mr Thomas has done our literary life nothing but good by proving that they are.

D.C.

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William Dean Howells wants a happy ending for *The American*, William James finds *The Europeans* thin and empty. These challenges put James on his mettle and produce some of his finest replies, for example to Howells about *The American*:

> No, the interest of the subject was, for me, (without my being at all a pessimist) its exemplification of one of those insuperable difficulties which present themselves in people's lives and from which the only issue is by forfeiture — by losing something . . . We are each the product of circumstances and there are tall stone walls which fatally divide us.

Or this to his brother about *The Europeans*:

> I think you take these things too rigidly and unimaginatively — too much as if an artistic experiment were a piece of conduct, to which one's life were somehow committed; but I think also that you're quite right in pronouncing the book 'thin', and empty. I don't at all despair, yet, of doing something fat.

Both replies are crucial, the first for its expression of the need for a 'personal philosophy' of stoicism which is central to his morality, the second for what it suggests about the brothers' relationship (Henry seems almost to be posing as an experimental aesthete in the face of William's puritanical rigidity, though he must *au fond* have shared his view that a work of art is a 'piece of conduct'). The letter is also striking for its confidence in what is to come. The progress towards *The Portrait of a Lady* underlies most of this volume; all through it runs the knowledge that he will soon be famous and, above all, that he knows exactly what he is doing:

> I know too perfectly well what I intend, desire and attempt, and am capable of following it in absolute absence of perturbation. Never was a genius — if genius there is — more healthy, objective, and (I honestly believe) less susceptible of superficial irritations and reactionary impulses. I know what I want — it stares one in the face, as big and round and bright as the full moon.

Helen McNeil

What Would Tolstoi Say?

The Groves of Academe by MARY McCARTHY *Weidenfeld* £6.50
On the Contrary by MARY McCARTHY *Weidenfeld* £8.50

Like Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, Mary McCarthy's recently reissued *The Groves of Academe* (1952) is a novel about a 'little circle' of only apparently harmless liberals. In Dostoevsky, as McCarthy has said recently (*London Review of Books*, 17 April 1980), the idle chatter of the group around old Trofimovich actually clears the spiritual and ideological space for the 'hyperactive' monsters of freedom, Verkovensky and Stavrogin, who push the novel beyond satire into a kind of nihilist Passion. *The Groves of Academe*, about a group of idiot savants at an American progressive liberal-arts college, remains satiric — McCarthy's fools, possessed by their pallid Fifties idea of liberalism, are easily defeated by Henry Mulcahy, an appropriately small-scale devil with lower middle-class domestic habits. Mulcahy, who is possessed by the idea of himself as a Joycean Christ, calls the college's liberal bluff by spreading the rumour that he has been sacked for membership of the Communist party. 'He's loyal to himself, objectively, as if he were another person . . . he's foregone his subjectivity and hypostatized himself as an object.' By assuming a world in which everyone is propelled like him by 'pride and watchful envy', Mulcahy bulldozes his way back into his job and finally drives out the college's president, an awesomely recognisable proponent of muscular liberalism called Maynard Hoar. McCarthy leaves one to imagine the rather more Dostoevskian horrors generated by her namesake, Senator Joseph McCarthy, outside the satiric parenthesis of this atypically punctilious 'little circle'.

McCarthy's 1950s academic wonderland where everyone parrots the liberal values which are being systematically destroyed ou side looks much more contemporary than th 1960s American view of the university universal myth (as in John Barth's *Giles Goa Boy*). Nowadays the coat dragged in front of th liberals would have the rosy radical-chic hu preferred by Howard Kirk of Malcolm Bra bury's *The History Man*. In a revision d more to sensibility than to period, Bradbury intellectual bully finally destroys the campus one idealist, a young girl lecturer, by beddi her, while in *The Groves of Academ* Mulcahy contents himself with goadi idealistic Domna Rejnev into a hysteric dishonesty. When Domna is in a moral dilen ma, she asks herself, 'What would Tolst say?', but Tolstoi, like God and Nature, dead.

The Groves of Academe is a brillia vignette, and yet — and yet, the thi academic studies and dozen or so critical ticles that I have read recently on Mary M Carthy all have a turning point. In ma reviews, the worm turns in the first sentence attack her. Typically, one hears that McC thy's plots are flawed, unconvincing mechanical. Her characters are such palpa satiric butts that the world of her novels see to consist of self-aggrandising oligarch manipulated by a contemptuous Athena in form of the author. On the few occasi when she does permit an intellectual heroine progress towards moral awareness, McCar kills her off, like Martha Sinnot, the wr killed in an automobile accident by anot older, parodic woman writer who, quite propriately for the artistic summer colony McCarthy's *A Charmed Life*, has been driv confidently in the dark on the wrong side the road. I too began this article by wanting 'expose' the cold smugness of t intellectually- and class-privileged teach pet turned teacher, by wanting, in fact, treat McCarthy the way she treats her c characters.

McCarthy needs to let her reader know she, the author, knows the moral score, she presents a text free from the sentime self-doubt that has long since become touchstone of the modern woman wr (when is a McCarthy narrator wrong?). reader, who may well accept an omnisc narrator or conceptual fiction in Iris Murd or, for that matter, in Robert Pirsig, respc resentfully to such certainty. In her cur

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LRB articles, McCarthy sees the writing she likes as increasingly isolated by the 'snubbing' idea-free formalism of the post-Jamesian modern novel. Her perceived isolation, however, has less to do with any battle of the Mods and the Trads, than with the complex reasons why McCarthy, who writes *contes philosophiques* or updated Thomas Love Peacock (a sort of *Group Grange*), wants to locate herself with 19th-century novelists of ideas (a term which she dislikes).

For a contemporary satirist, McCarthy is too Horatian, too much attached to the middle ground, too clear about her old-fashioned values: honesty, self-knowledge, unself-conscious pursuit of the good, and *aidôs,* the classic Greek 'care and ruth' briefly evoked in *The Groves of Academe*. In rare agreement, two characters stress that 'this concept doesn't exist for us'. McCarthy likes the turn of mind of many of her characters, even if their actions fail, and rejects the doggedly anarchic 'black comedy' which has taken over from satire in much contemporary American writing.

Satire is the product of a deeply felt emotion: loathing. Sentiment, however, passes off self-love as love of another. In her avoidance of a feared fraudulent emotion, McCarthy, despite the many enemies her satire has made, may well not be vicious enough. As a woman writer who has dared to be analytically intellectual in the heyday of the feminine mystique, she carefully distances herself from the everpresent likelihood of failure or self-betrayal, which she gives over to those discarded masks of the self, her heroines. This caution, historically almost inevitable in a society hostile to female wit, denies her the self-lacerating ideological satire of late Romanticism, the double vision of Heine and Baudelaire. McCarthy gives the achievement of intellectual expression a revered and somewhat under-examined status. For McCarthy, as for Tolstoi, the novelist she admires most, the idea at the heart of the novel is not a concept but a moral imperative, a way of being in the world. While her villains exploit ideology, McCarthy addresses herself to their highly particularised minds, not to their ideas.

In *My Confession* (1951), reprinted in *On the Contrary,* McCarthy described her short-lived late Thirties 'Trotskyist' phase. Instead of having the suspiciously frequent thunderclap conversion and deconversion from Communism, this ideologically abstemious McCarthy met a nice Trotskyite at a cocktail party and agreed with him that of course Trotsky should have a fair trial. A few days later she was horrified to find that her name had been added to the Trotsky Defence Committee petition. She only became truly angry, however, when her Communist friends took her signature as a public political act and asked her to explain herself.

> When I saw what was happening, I rebounded to the defense of the Committee without a single hesitation - it was nobody's business, I felt, how I happened to be on it, and if anybody had asked me, I should have lied without a scruple.

This is the voice of the *narodnika* as Vassar girl, the high-minded heroine with overtones of Jane Austen's Emma, the well-bred girl who tries to be serious and good, but who cannot bear people with bad manners.

Kerry Schott

Viva Market!

Free to Choose by MILTON FRIEDMAN & ROSE FRIEDMAN *Secker* £7.95 & £4.95
A Guide to Post-Keynesian Economics edited by ALFRED EICHNER *Macmillan* £10 & £3.95
Annals of an Abiding Liberal by JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH *Deutsch* £6.95

There are several well-known techniques for supporting dubious arguments. First you cite as many people as you can who happen to agree with your position. This appeals to democratic loyalties; the more it looks as if people agree the stronger the agreed position. But this procedure too obviously ignores any available evidence, so you cite one study that happens to support your argument. On no account do you mention any controversy surrounding this work nor cite any opposing evidence. The final impression you leave is that your proposition is popular, empirically correct and non-controversial.

Similar techniques of dishonest and poor scholarship occur frequently throughout *Free to Choose*. Milton Friedman did not win the Nobel prize in economics for this sort of work and it discredits both him and economic analysis. It is, bluntly, an insult to the reader.

Friedman's ideology is stated in full force. The market works better than any other system of allocation and the size and role of the government must be reduced. It should simply provide defence, law and order and guarantee the workings of the perfect market. All agents in the market, whether buyers or sellers, are implicitly assumed to have equal power, full information and free and easy access to the market. The end result is an optimal allocation of resources and growth.

But everyone agrees that if markets behaved perfectly this wonderful result would occur. The point is that most markets do not behave like this and would not behave like it even if there was only minimal government. All participants in markets do not have equal power or full information and in any case prices are determined solely by supply and demand in only a few specific markets. Most manufactured goods for example are priced by large corporations on a mark-up over cost basis and this procedure does not necessarily lead to optimality in any sense. The actual functioning of real world markets is not discussed.

This oversight is particularly important for the Friedman analysis of unemployment and inflation. Inflation in Friedman's world can only be stopped by decreasing the growth of the money supply. This in turn leads to a fall in output and employment. This fall in output and employment is then supposed to lead to a fall in prices, but why this should follow is never obvious. Presumably at some high level of unemployment wages will fall and prices will follow but the fact is that nobody knows what level of unemployment will generate this result or how long the process will take. Current government policy based on this analysis

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is no better than guesswork without any sound foundation behind it. The immorality of generating high unemployment on the basis of such dubious analysis is obvious.

Friedman's markets are also always assumed to be stable. The historical tendency for capitalism to generate crisis and instability is not properly discussed. The 1930s depression is blamed on the behaviour of the Federal Reserve System which did not properly serve its function as lender-of-last-resort to banks going bankrupt.

But the complex reasons why business activity fell so dramatically in 1929 are not analysed but just taken as given. It is certainly true that the Fed did not behave as it ought to have done in this crisis but this is not an explanation of why the crisis began in the first place. Certainly in this period, and in earlier crises, the root cause cannot have been big government since governments in all developed countries at this time were relatively small.

From these more general discussions the Friedmans then move to analysing more specific government programmes like welfare, education, health, taxation, regulation and controls.

The authors' position is well known and does not need repeating but the arguments continue to be weak and some very strange comparisons are made. For instance we are told that Japan during the Meiji Restoration followed the policies of Adam Smith while India after 1947 followed the policies of Harold Laski. The gross inequality between the two countries resulted from these decisions. It is simply not historically true that Japan did not use controls and protection throughout the Meiji Restoration and she has frequently imposed protection and controls since then; it is also not true that India followed Laski's policies after Independence. In any case the reasons for the different economic performances of India and Japan are more complex than this and one wonders why these vastly different countries were chosen for comparison over other contenders. Alternative comparisons could be found that do not support the Friedmans' argument.

Recent attempts by Post-Keynesians to analyse the real world, rather than this fictitious Friedmanite representation are explained in simple terms in Eichner's book. Post-Keynesian analysis builds on the earlier work of Keynes and Kalecki and is critical of mainstream economics which typically ignores uncertainty and market power.

The neoclassical synthesis of accepted economic theory blended marginal analysis with a bastardised version of Keynesian economics. In the marriage important Keynesian concepts, like aggregate supply, liquidity, historical time and uncertainty, were lost and this set of essays explains recent attempts at rescuing these lost elements.

Markets are assumed to be of two types. Flex-price markets which operate like Friedman's models and fix-price markets where large firms set prices to cover costs. The latter type of market dominates and the only way to avoid inflation in this scenario is to implement prices and incomes policies. Changes in the money supply are endogenous and occur to accommodate money wage and other cost increases. If the money supply does not rise to accommodate these cost increases, a wave of bankruptcies eventually occurs and to save th economic system from total collapse th money supply must be increased. Bankrupt cies are on the increase in Britain and the post Keynesian analysis suggests that the govern ment will be forced into a policy U-turn and ir addition will be forced to apply prices and in comes policy.

Such analysis may turn out to be extremel relevant for understanding our current pro blems. Basil Moore's essay on monetary fac tors and Paul Davidson's on the pricing an supply of natural resources are particularly in teresting although not all the contributions i this book are up to these standards. Never theless as a collection of essays they serve a an easy introduction to Post-Keynesian ideas.

Galbraith's essay collection is considerabl more patchy in quality and his pretentiou tone is off-putting. His analysis of th economic role of women is trite and come nowhere near explaining why women continu to be forced into low-paying work sectors an lowly graded positions. His essays on Bernar Cornfeld and Robert Vesco are more fun, bu his excursions into literary criticism c Trollope and Evelyn Waugh are best avoided The economic essays tend to repeat h previous work on market power and multina tionals.

True, market power is frequently overloo ed in conventional economic analysis ar Galbraith has been correct in stressing the in portance of this factor. But the essays he provide little that is new and I, for one, fir his world travels boring, and am sick reading references to his experiences as Ar bassador to India. This book is either for cor mitted Galbraith fans or the very tolerant.

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Kevin Porter

Traveller

Open roads and ditches
stretch beyond my eye. And I look
to see the strange birds with feathers
green and orange; to see the
orchids below the green rim
of a stream, wet and glistening.

At night in my tent (the new sun
burning white ashes
among the trees) I lie awake
and write of strange men with
hands that clutch the new.

I see this all. The strained
grin of the salesman spreading his carpets
forward, a hand in my pocket for
copper bells. And sitting at our table
(when we enter the city)
I know the meaning of the
smiling faces that ask
'Have you been?' and I answer them.

Steady winds have spilled dust,
discharged excrement in gold rivers
from clay pipes. Open skies filled with t
ligh
and grey concrete. But back home.
Alone at my desk. I see vague purple
images. The voices have faded. The pulse
of the clock is dull,
is like my hollow memory.

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Dorothy Wedge

Playing

Toys and Playthings by JOHN & ELIZABETH NEWSON *Allen & Unwin* £7.95 *& Penguin* £1.50

If anyone can convince the sceptic that psychologists have insights to offer ordinary people, it should be John and Elizabeth Newson. Their books are alive with their enjoyment and understanding of real children. *Toys and Playthings in Development and Remediation* is the latest publication arising from the Newsons' work at the Child Development Unit which they founded at Nottingham University. For many years they have been studying normal child development and child rearing practices and have been actively involved in research and training in remedial play for handicapped children. This book, which 'takes a long look at toys' brings these experiences together; it deals with toys historically, practically and professionally as the means for understanding the development of children, both normal and handicapped.

As they point out, they are working at a time when there is greater interest in toys than ever before. Nostalgia for the past has created an interest in antique toys, the play group movement has widened the knowledge of toys basic to development, and another self-help movement, Toy Libraries for Handicapped Children (with which the Newsons have been closely involved), has made people think again about what a toy is capable of doing for a child.

Not all readers will at first share the child psychologist's fundamental belief that 'play is perhaps the most serious and significant of all human activities'. However, most people might allow the truth of the statement that 'each child's play is the perfect expression of herself as a developing individual' for it is in this context that John and Elizabeth Newson observe and seek to understand the stages of development, and investigate how certain toys can complement personality growth, and expand it from one stage to another.

The first part of the book examines the normal processes of learning by which the child makes sense of his world. From birth the child possesses insatiable curiosity for new things which, if unfulfilled, limits progress. As the authors suggest, 'it may well be that a hunger for "happenings" is as necessary as the biological hunger for food and drink'. Their analysis of the endless experimentation by which babies discover the nature and properties of different materials during a period of extremely rapid learning is certainly thought-provoking. This first part of the book abounds with descriptions and pictures of toys, with anecdotes about children's use of them in their search for experience and fascination. Every conceivable kind of toy seems to have been included, and its use to the child explained with great clarity.

The interpretation of normal play provides a perspective against which to understand the difficulties of handicapped children. The second part of the book describes their special needs and the methods which the Nottingham team have found helpful in assessing them. Lack of mobility is not only a physical handicap; it can quickly develop into intellectual deprivation. Since the child is not being urged by the excitement of his own activities, he needs positive encouragement to reach out.

Though toys have a long history, this is the first time that their part in human development has been explained. It proves a most enjoyable psychology book — equally to be recommended to parents and professionals.

Jane Steedman

Factory Lads

The Year of the Child by BEL MOONEY *Hutchinson* £5.95 & £3.95

Child Workers Today by JAMES CHALLIS & DAVID ELLIMAN *Quartermaine House* (in association with the Anti-Slavery Society) £3.50

Despite the title (first there was International Year of the Child, then there was the Book of the Year of the Child) Bel Mooney has written an original book with modest aims — to depict a dozen assorted children in Britain, from a new baby to a 16-year-old, letting them and their families speak for themselves. Part of its appeal is in its 'fly on the wall' technique, and with its portraits of 12 ordinary varied children, their families and friends, it has some of the fascination of *The Family* (a BBC television series made in the home of a working-class family a few years ago). We are offered distillations of lengthy interviews and, presumably, days of research and selection of cases, days spent with families building up confidences, getting to know them, hanging around classrooms, taking part in their lives and listening to families revealing themselves.

The author properly reminds us that she is no sociologist or anthropologist. Her aim seems more like John Berger's. The children are chosen, though, with a smattering of social scientists' favourite routines, to represent equal numbers of boys and girls, equal proportions from each of three 'social class' groupings, and a range of ages from 0-16. It is the personalities and vicissitudes of the children, though, that have the impact here; sociological characteristics are less emphatic, though not unrelated. Simply to observe, to relay, and to comment implicitly is the author's aim, and it is achieved by clever writing. In the event, we are given more than observation, something of what is in the mind's eye of the participants.

There are hints of intangible ideas that people have of the family and of the importance of children, revealed in casual, everyday speech and events. It is not the purpose of the book to define 'children' or a common experience of 'childhood': it gives enough respect and space to children to remind us, they are people in their own right.

Challis and Elliman's book takes up the cause of 'millions of children' in the world whose family life is not so recognisable. These children are 'economically active', some working more hours or more days than adults in Britain do, in factories, farms and street trades. Accessible, readable accounts of child labour of this kind are rare, and the book will

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The Shiv Sena Party and Preferential Policies in Bombay

Mary Fainsod Katzenstein

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288 pages £9.00.

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be just as useful to teachers of sixth formers as to the general reader.

Clearly, for many child workers no alternatives present themselves. To provide food and clothing would go some way towards alleviating child employment. But there is also a role for education, an opposition between provision of formal compulsory schooling and employment of children, that goes beyond the fact that children working implies nonattendance at school. As recently as 1977, it was reported from Morocco that 'the country's population was expanding faster than her educational programme and thus there was always likely to be a ready supply of cheap labour'. From the history of the struggle against child employment in the USA and Britain, it is argued that compulsory schooling will speed up the abolition of child labour. Challis and Elliman were unable to obtain information on Russia — where it seems there is no child labour — and on China. By the latter gap in the picture we are deprived, regrettably, of statistical background from one of the countries where public policy implies that being 'economically active' is part of education.

A culture in which substantial numbers of children are employed in economic hardship may not share our perceptions of 'childhood'. This survey is scarcely concerned with cultural facts and roles, rather with economic necessity and exploitation. The dependence for survival of rural families, particularly, on the labour of children — paid or unpaid — is highlighted. Given examples, not just from the Third World but from Italy and even the USA, we become aware of parents forced to hire out or employ their children as well.

The authors do not see all work by children as something to be stopped by law; for some abuses 'cannot be blamed on the absence of protective laws'. Whatever is illegal anyway is unlikely to be protected by legislation, and there are dangers in the ill-timed introduction of moves to outlaw child labour. Stopping children being gainfully employed in recognised labour may force them into the worst of unorganised private employment, if not crime and prostitution. Clearly, there are arguments in the short-term for improving conditions in which children work, rather than preventing them from working. Challis and Elliman call for what one might think of as very minimal safeguards: that no child under 14 can be employed in heavy industry, that there be a minimum age for dangerous work, night work and unhealthy work. Even so, the legislation would not easily extend to work within families.

It is easy, in the prosperous West, to think of child labour as part of the past. But in Britain and the United States, which Challis and Elliman describe historically over 300 years 'not as models, but as case histories', considerable numbers work in agriculture, and some in family or 'cottage' industry, like shops or weaving. And even character-building paper-rounds are not exempt from criticism. It is salutary to reflect that Emrys Davies's report on children in Britain in 1972 calculated that, if school time were included, about a quarter of all employed children work more than 50 hours a week. When more serious abuses lead to prosecution, the resulting fines can be derisory. And what of the case of an employer of modern-day climbing-boys in Lancashire? Boys were employed on Saturdays to crawl through and clean factory ducts too small for a grown man.

Jim Crace

Tribal Views

The Death of Jim Loney by JAMES WELCH *Gollancz* £5.95
Suttree by CORMAC McCARTHY *Chatto* £6.95
Another Beginning by SIAN JAMES *Collins* £5.95.

James Welch is a brave, imprudent writer. Discretion to the Montana wind, he has put his considerable prose talents to the service of the tiredest of plots, the most overcropped of scenarios, and survived (unlike his orphan hero) to tell a good tale. His second novel, *The Death of Jim Loney,* is the book of a hundred Hollywood westerns, a modern working of that much patronised cinematic cliché, the plight of the noble, crazy Indian who, disheartened and disinherited, takes to the hills of the Reservation for that final, hopeless shoot-out with White America. There are no surprises.

White America wins, of course, and Loney's soul flaps away over the ancient homelands (more clichés) as a great black bird called Death. It takes a writer of imagination, restraint and insight to have salvaged from such a platitudinous plot this finely worked novel of economy and originality.

Welch himself is what it is fashionable to call 'of native American descent'. He is a Montana Indian, though his university education and his firecracker success as a one-volume poet will surely have created in him the cultural and social ambivalence of a half-breed. Loney, his protagonist ('a man almost devoid of tangible qualities'), is a *genuine* half-breed, deserted as a child by both his white father and his full-blooded Gros Ventre mother, Eletra Calf Looking. Does he have, he wonders, making it his business 'to open up an old can of worms', *two* sets of ancestors — or none?

Loney is suffering 'a crisis of spirit', growing gently, not mad, but dangerously alienated. He should pack his bags and leave — with sister Kate to Washington DC or with girlfriend Rhea to sea and Seattle. But without establishing for himself a background, an ancestry, either among the Reservation Indians of Mission Canyon or in the bars and trailer parks of Harlem, Montana, he cannot break loose. He must first discover his past, his inheritance — only then can he toss it, to join James Welch's literary discretion, in the Montana wind. Meanwhile, to the sound of rolling credits, a sheriff's bullet marked 'Loney' is cutting through the air.

Most convincing in this short and careful novel is Welch's subtle manipulation of the psychological undercurrents to an otherwise top-heavy tale, and his precise and instinctive employment of incidental detail. The small-town tribal view of big-town America, the ostentation beyond the Reservation, is illuminating and richly comic:

> Dallas was full of millionaires dying to meet somebody famous. More often than not they met each other and decried Houston, where millionaires met astronauts.

The Death of Jim Loney is old hat, brushed and burnished as good as new, by a bold and expert craftsman.

Cormac McCarthy's Big New Southern novel, *Suttree,* is also a fairly 'tribal' work i one can swallow the quaint dictionary defini tion of a tribe as 'a group of people in a primitive or barbarous stage of development' His characters are city derelicts, rag pickers possum hunters, and various junk-yard angel who pass their days in bars (drinking Redto beer and splo whisky) or in the work-hous penitentiary (sipping moonshine). They brea strangers' noses as frequently and with as littl decorum as they break wind. Suttree, th keystone character of the novel, for all his co lege education and bouts of aristocrati Southern introspection, is no violet, either when it comes to busting heads and crackin bottles.

Is this novel, then, a disguised pilgrimage t Faulkner's imaginary Yoknapatawpha Cour ty? Certainly McCarthy presents a similar wide gallery of comic/brutal characters. Bu his bite is bigger than his chew: the string o anecdotes and incidents which comprise th novel lacks overall social and allegorical coi text and, because the plot is linear rather tha integrated, it lacks design.

What is needed to tie this episodic packa together is a distinctive and idiosyncratic na rative voice which links and advances the cor ponent tales *unselfconsciously.* What one, fact, gets instead is swampy and often gracele prose:

> They litted him onto the deck where he lay in wet seersucker suit and his lemoncolored soc leering walleyed up at the workers with the ho in his face like some gross water homuncu taken in trolling that the light of God's day h stricken dead instanter.

Suttree cannot recover, it seems, from th spirit-sinking, tangled and pretentious evo tion of Knoxville, Tennessee, in portento italics (*'The river lies in a grail quietude. . . . '* etc, etc.) with which it ope Such a pity — because the action and dialo of *Suttree* (particularly those sections wh recount the schemes of Harrogate, ' moonlight melonmounter. . . — a convic pervert of a botanical bent',) are crackling w invention, irreverence, and ill-manne humour.

It may be that Cormac McCarthy does make of Tennessee what Faulkner made Mississippi. He does succeed, though, in dc for Knoxville what Genesis XIX has done Sodom and Gomorrah.

Compared to these two new Ameri novels much of the current British fict seems insipid and self-consciously discurs Its characters *talk* moonshine — they d drink it.

Siân James's *Another Beginning* (in w Alan says, 'Meg, I'm leaving you', Ben says, 'Will you have an affair with Meg?' and then, later and inevitably, Meg. . . .I'll never forget you!') is a scen soap operetta for those who prefer a supe piece of magazine-type fiction to the article.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Charles Fox

Heroic Species

Travelling light, so one of Johnny Mercer's songs implies, is a useful, if cynical, balsam for the after-effects of unrequited love. Taken more literally, it is the only way a wandering minstrel can operate, whether he be the goliard or jongleur (or even the more up-market troubadour) of medieval times or the jazz soloist of today, constantly flitting from gig to gig, mildly neurotic about out-of-tune pianos, rhythm sections that are not sim-patico, clubs where patrons prefer to chatter ıstead of listen.

Nobody typifies this heroic species more than the stand-up tenor player, capable of be-ng boisterous or seductive, adept at manoeuvring round the chords of at least a couple of hundred one-time pop songs (now dignified by the name of ballads) as well as blues of differing shades and a handful of jazz originals'. And of the distinguished coterie of Americans practising the art in Europe, none comes closer to qualifying as a nonpareil than Dexter Gordon — as he demonstrated once ıgain at Ronnie Scott's only a few weeks ago.

Having a repertoire is only a start, of ourse. The tenor player also needs a sound ınd style of his own. Gordon happens to be enowned for the bony hardness of his tone, ıis skill at elbowing his way through a familiar armonic sequence, like a centre three-quarter ıg-zagging for a touch-down. That tough, lightly truculent approach is heard again on *Great Encounters* (CBS 83643): one side was ecorded in a studio (there's a sprightly ver-ion of Thelonious Monk's 'Ruby, My Dear'), he other documents what happened on-stage t Carnegie Hall one evening in the autumn of 978, when Gordon was joined by another and-up tenor player, Johnny Griffin.

That kind of musical jousting can end up as boring ritual, a series of Falstaffian postures ıther than anything genuinely combative. But n this occasion sparks got struck, Griffin's ıppery phrasing contrasting with Gordon's oic terseness. Despite this joint appearance New York, both musicians have actually ɔent the greater part of the last two decades ı this side of the Atlantic. Dexter Gordon ar-ved in 1962. A couple of years later he was oadcasting regularly from a Copenhagen zz club, broadcasts that are now being leased on LPs.

The latest, *King Neptune* (Steeple Chase CC 6012), has Gordon supported by a trio at includes the Spanish pianist, Tete Mon-iu. Perhaps the most fascinating perfor-ance is of 'Body And Soul', the tune Col-ıan Hawkins virtually transformed into a t-piece for tenor saxophonists. Hawkins's 39 recording was a romantic masterpiece, rm-toned, sumptuous, an essay in elabora-n. Gordon, on the other hand, approaches : theme more obliquely, his solo almost ınt in its simplicity.

Gauntness is about the last quality one uld attribute to Stan Getz, a saxophonist of ıghly the same generation as Dexter Gordon ell, four years younger, to be exact). Getz's lines are slim, like Gordon's, but his tone is more alluring, softer, even dangerously close on occasion to being described as silken. Surprisingly enough, on one track of his latest LP, *Children Of The World* (CBS 83642), Getz succumbs to technological temptation, using an Echo Plex to distend his natural sound. Elsewhere he stays himself, even if, by his own standards, the solos tend to be a bit self-satisfied, a trifle bland. But this LP, designed to celebrate 1979 as the International Year of the Child, seems to have been aimed at a wider audience than hard-core jazz buffs. Apart from 'Don't Cry For Me, Argentina', all the pieces — 'Hop Scotch', 'Street Tattoo' etc — were written especially for the session by Lalo Schifrin.

Neither Dexter Gordon nor Stan Getz sprang fully-formed into maturity. For both men a prime influence was Lester Young, whose lean, understated approach represented — at first, anyway — an heretical inversion of Coleman Hawkins's heavily emotional manner. In post-war years Young's brilliance was to become spasmodic, but between 1936 and 1940, sitting in the saxophone section of Count Basie's Orchestra, he seemed incapable of putting a note wrong. He could even move in much crummier musical circles and stay unsullied.

One session had him recording with a group led by the organist Glenn Hardman, who even succeeded in making 'On The Sunny Side Of The Street' sound doleful. Young kept his poise, just as he did in the outrageously titled 'Upright Organ Blues.' Both tracks can be found on *The Lester Young Story, Vol. 4: Lester Leaps In* (CBS 88479, 2 LPs). But the bulk of the performances are by either Count Basie's full band (including 'Tickle Toe', with Young at his most lissom and exciting) or his small group, the Kansas City Seven. The latter, in fact, spread two tunes over six tracks: four separate 'takes' of 'Dickie's Dream' and two of 'Lester Leaps In', all with different solos.

Also on this album is a session that Billie Holiday recorded in 1939. Young takes at least one outstanding solo (in 'The Man I Love'), yet the collaboration lacks the sense of liaison between singer and saxophonist that was so evident a couple of years earlier. Billie Holiday, of course, was copied by those singers who weren't copying Ella Fitzgerald. Anita O'Day, for example, familiar to film-goers as the wearer of that black-and-white picture hat in *Jazz On A Summer's Day*. Certainly she adopted Billie Holiday's habit of lagging behind the beat, even something of her melismatic phrasing, but she treats words more demotically, heightening the slanginess of the best American popular songs.

Anita O'Day: The Big Band Sessions (Verve 2632 083, 2LPs), recorded between 1959 and 1961, presents the singer in settings devised by four arrangers. Billy May's scores (all of Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hart numbers) do the least for her. Johnny Mandel concentrated on songs associated with Billie Holiday (including a fine version of 'Travellin' Light'). This could have been disastrous but Anita O'Day declined to imitate, aiming instead — and very successfully — at creating similar emotional epiphanies. Best of all is Side One, full of delicate arrangements, by Gary McFarland, of lesser-known songs, including the elegiac 'Ballad Of The Sad Young Men', with a lyric by Fran Landesman, another American who has opted to live in Europe.

Pop-songs of one kind or another — obscure or hackneyed, antique or latterday — were raw material for all the singers and soloists reviewed so far. But musicians who came to the fore during the past two decades are very likely to be composers as well as performers. Bobby Wellins and Stan Tracey, for example: both British, both mature — Wellins in his forties, Tracey just over fifty; both capable of improvising on the standard repertoire yet preferring to concoct pieces of their own.

Dreams Are Free (Vortex VS2) gives a good idea of the music — tight, yet loose, as the best jazz paradoxically is — being played by the quartet that Bobby Wellins has been leading, on tenor saxophone, for the past couple of years. Wellins, quite simply, is one of the most original jazz soloists this country has produced, a Scot, in whose work — lyrical, high-spirited, sometimes filled with a keening melancholy — it is not fanciful to descry Celtic undertones.

Many people still identify Wellins with the role he performed on the original record of Stan Tracey's *Under Milk Wood* suite. Tracey, of course, continues to lead and write for small ensembles, but his newest LP happens to be a solo effort, a set of piano pieces, several dedicated to particular musical heroes. So there is 'Sphere' (for Thelonious Monk), 'Dear Frog' (for Ben Webster) and 'Eddie K' (for Duke Ellington). If tenor saxophonists have their individual sounds, Tracey has his own harmonic stance, fundamental to both his composing and improvising. Nobody else could possibly have made this LP (released on Steam SJ 107). One of the occupational hazards of the itinerant musician's life gets immortalised in 'Once A Jolly Jobsworth', while the LP's title was suggested by Tracey's unspoken thought whenever he arrives at a club or concert hall and walks up to the resident piano: *Hello, Old Adversary!* All of which proves how much sitting-down pianists have in common with stand-up tenor players.

Keith Bosley

Swan

(from a bestiary)

Holy and unclean —
both defile the hands:
the Swan, protected
by God's law and man's

reminds us to make
room in our tight world
for the meaningless
the white question curled

about our wits, strong
enough to smash bone —
thus the Ancients called
the poet a Swan.

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Music

Andrew Clements

Missing Link

1945 onwards *St John's, Smith Square*
Goeyvaerts & Stockhausen *ICA*

The London Sinfonietta's valuable series of five concerts at St John's which ended recently may not have provided the complete survey of musical developments since the end of the second world war that we need, but it did at least give us a perspective on the last 30 years. The programming was perhaps too obviously determined by money; works in the Sinfonietta's admittedly substantial repertory were preferred to preparing unfamiliar pieces and in a number of cases, most notably that of Berio, the representation of significant figures was hardly faithful to their importance. Yet apart from that, and one or two unforgivable omissions — there was no Barraqué or Nono, and America was represented only by Carter and Cage — the diversity of the period and its salient features came across. In the centre of the series, deliberately placed, was a programme devoted to Messiaen and his pupils, in this case Stockhausen, Xenakis and Boulez. This, the Sinfonietta suggested, was the core of recent music, the most pervasive of radical aesthetics. From Messiaen and his analysis classes at the Paris Conservatoire in the late Forties and early Fifties stemmed total serialism, a discipline the majority of the leading figures in European music were to embrace at some time or other, even if all of them were eventually to kick against its inflexibility.

Nowadays total serialism is tolerated as a historical necessity, the inevitable extrapolation of the twelve-note technique of Schoenberg and his school, which organised only pitch, to include the other parameters of composition as well — rhythm (or more accurately, duration), dynamics, and attack. Messiaen had led the way, though the single serially organised piece he wrote, a piano study, only uses a series of some of the twelve notes and retains its rows intact. His example, as well as his teaching, alerted the new generation towards the possibilities of new methods of organisation, while his own music moved in a different direction entirely. Whether by design or simple practicality, the Sinfonietta chose to represent Messiaen by the most striking early example of his alternative way: *Oiseaux Exotiques* is a brilliant array of bird songs, catalogued and juxtaposed for piano and an orchestra of wind and percussion; the songs are treated as the most sophisticated musical *objets trouvés,* suggesting a spontaneity and colourfulness at the opposite pole from the grey uniformity of many works produced in the name of serialism in the early 1950s.

But if Messiaen's part in the avant-garde was mainly catalytic, his pupils went on to establish the historical priorities among themselves. Boulez and Stockhausen were the prime movers, and went on to write the few masterpieces of the early Fifties — in '1945 onwards' the finest of them all, Boulez's *Le Marteau sans Maître,* was included, in a supple, warm account from Sarah Walker and the Sinfonietta players. But there is in all of the accounts of these heady, pioneering days, a shadowy figure, acknowledged by Stockhausen as important in his personal evolution of a compositional method. In a programme note on one of his early serial pieces Stockhausen writes of it as 'influenced by Messiaen's *Mode de valeurs et d'intensités* and by Goeyvaerts's Sonata for two pianos'. But for almost 30 years Karel Goeyvaerts's music remained almost unknown in Britain; it wasn't performed and scores were difficult to obtain.

Some of the mystery was dispelled at the last of this season's MusICA concerts, when the Koenig Ensemble gave the British premieres of three of Goeyvaerts's works from the 1950s, including the Sonata, and coupled them with the first two of Stockhausen's serial works, *Kreuzspiel* and *Schlagtrio.* Goeyvaerts came over from Belgium for the occasion, and introduced the programme in a charming reminiscence of the period. Born in 1923, Goeyvaerts joined Messiaen's analysis class when it began in 1947, discovered Webern, and attended the first of the Darmstadt International Summer Courses in 1951. There he met Stockhausen and showed him the Sonata for two pianos, written the previous winter. The Sonata does use a straightforward form of total serialism, based, says the composer, on an intensive study of Webern's Piano Variations (a work abounding in internal symmetries and mirror images) and the fruits of Messiaen's teachings. The same summer he produced a piece for seven players, *Opus 3 aux sons frappés et frottés,* which introduced the concept of instrumental sound into the serial organisation. The distinction was made here between struck and bowed sounds and those categories incorporated into the compositional procedures.

It suggests a drily cerebral method of working, and so the performances revealed the works. The Sonata consists of four movements of which the central pair are the most rigorously organised; at rehearsal Goeyvaerts apparently asked the two pianists to adopt a deliberately inexpressive method of playing, emphasising the geometries of the construction, its correspondences and cross-references. Yet in comparison with *Opus 3* the Sonata was positively lush: in the ensemble piece sounds are to be played as simple fillings-in of silence, without any characteristic attack (other than the distinction between being bowed and struck) and with no internal shaping. The result is a succession of pitches following some dimly perceived pattern; its success as a piece of music was rather dubious.

Goeyvaerts's importance as a missing link in the history of post-war music, and the inconsequence of his music, constitute a paradox underlined at the ICA by the Stockhausen pieces that followed. Stockhausen quickly absorbed the mechanistic achievement of Goeyvaerts's Sonata and immediately transcended it. *Kreuzspiel* (though suffering in balance in the ICA Theatre) is a minor masterpiece for oboe, bass-clarinet, percussion and piano, but its serial construction is no more advanced than that of the Sonata. Stockhausen then had the ability to refresh any medium to which he turned his attention; if MusICA performed yet again a valuable service in revealing to us a totally neglected figure, it also, along the way, reminded us of the originality of one of contemporary music's greatest talents.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

At Odds with One's Roots

Early Days by DAVID STOREY *Cottesloe*
The Enemy Within by JULIAN MITCHEL *Leatherhead*
Romeo and Juliet by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*

Some of the reviews of *Early Days* have re like messages of encouragement to a hosta held by force in an alien country; and the co sensus seems to be that Ralph Richardson giving a marvellous performance in a pret mouldy play. This is absurdly unjust to Dav Storey, who has written better for the stag but also a good deal worse. The least that c be said for his latest is that it does perpetuate the line of lumpish farce he rece ly assayed in *Mother's Day* and *Sisters,* tw studies of sexual jiggery-pokery on Brit housing estates; the most, that it has some the self-effacing intelligence, the subtlety a suggestiveness that won *The Contractor* a *Home* the good opinions of the very crit who now capriciously condemn; the medi that it constantly pricks and teases the mer appetite without, admittedly, altogether sa fying it.

All Storey's plays are about people disintegration. Even if their minds regis what their hearts feel, and their tongues what their minds mean, their bodies rarely pear to be following the profounder dicta of either mind or heart. Their inner lives se somehow cut off from their outer, and t themselves are at odds with their roots, th relationships, their society and their work.

This, roughly, is the disease which has l afflicted the principal character of *E Days,* an ex-politician called Sir Richard chen, and whose ravages Storey now blea contemplates from the brink of the gra He's a grocer's son; he joined the 'wrong ty', presumably the same one whose prow Grantham grocer's daughter now graces failed, just, to become prime minister; an feels, it seems with reason, that he's lea the world nothing but 'a handful of dust a handful of chemicals'.

So much for his public life. His private duct marks him as a peculiarly madde variant of the father, or father-figure, Storey has spent his dramatic career atte ting to exorcise. He is as self-absorbed and pervious to others' feelings as Slattery, protagonist of *The Farm;* and if he's also formidable and menacing than that grues paterfamilias, it's only because he's older more impotent. He upsets his daughter b termittently disappearing and perpetra minor acts of indecency in the local village exasperates his son-in-law by accusing hi promiscuity and broadcasting his suspicio interminable length on the office answe machine. He annoys his grand-daughte snubbing her fiancée, a poet: 'marry a with a decent profession, marry a mortic And it's clear that these are tiny irrita compared with his past sins. 'I loved h much, I could never tell her,' he wa himself, thinking of his dead wife. 'Wh

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you die, my dear, why did you leave me alone?' Yet we've the word of his granddaughter, as reliable a witness as the play provides, that he actually 'destroyed' the poor, long-suffering woman.

This contradiction is characteristic. One moment, Kitchen is browbeating his assembled victims with a self-righteous little sermon about the sanctity of marriage and the importance of fidelity; the next, he's slyly trying to arrange an affair between his daughter and the family doctor, by way of revenging himself on his son-in-law. You can't believe a word he says. Indeed, he himself hardly seems to believe a word he says. He's a master-opportunist, treating people, ideas, language itself as whimsically as a child playing with the contents of a dressing-up hamper. Let's put on a little calculated aggro. Let's put on paranoia. Let's put on worldly-wisdom ('never trust a man of integrity'), to see what effect that will have.

Perhaps his desultory aim is to recover some sense of power, perhaps simply to persuade himself he exists. The impression he leaves is of a moral and spiritual vacuum, from inside whose shrivelled shell there comes a sort of scattered rattling: the sound of bits of bewilderment and despair being shaken like dried leaves.

There are seven names on the cast-list, among them Gerald Flood, all glum forbearance as the son-in-law, and Norman Jones, especially good as a neatly blazered, emotionally buttoned companion doomed to endure endless impertinent questions about his failed marriage; but they are little more than animate objects peppered along the course of Kitchen's verbal obstacle-race. The play is essentially a monologue for Sir Ralph, and one he engineers with gingerly finesse, his eyes deadily sizing up his prey from somewhere inside that rumpled face of his. But he's not an actor who exactly epitomises lack of spiritual resource, let alone desolation and waste. Moreover, he hasn't the malice the part would seem to require. I joined as enthusiastically as any in the applause that greeted his trundling, blinking entrance at the end of Lindsay Anderson's production; but that was because of affection for a veteran, admiration for his stamina, and appreciation of those qualities he successfully conveys, such as watchfulness, perplexity and a kind of superannuated dotness. The play itself might have fared better with a lesser performer and a harder performance.

The Enemy Within appears also to involve a family in genteel disarray; but this actually turns out to be a pretext for assembling a representative spread of souls for a play about social change and how to achieve it. Financial wheeler-dealer, withdrawn intellectual, prim civil servant, armchair revolutionary and (from the bend-sinister branch of the dynasty) impotently raging prole: all are there, plus an anorexic grand-daughter who turns in rebellious disgust to terrorism but ends by gorously committing herself to reading, studying, analysing, comprehending, and one day perhaps doing.

This, I think, is where the play's moral is to be found; but it might have had more weight if Lillian Mitchell had concentrated more exclusively on the character, her interestingly symbolic disease, and her political development, most of which occurs offstage. As it is, she spreads himself thin, tends to fall into caricature, and certainly squanders too much time and energy on his champagne-socialist granny, to him a wayward charmer but to me an irritating hypocrite and silly old boot. Nevertheless, the writing is often sensitive, notably when Mr Mitchell's Treasury nabob, a more rounded creation than those about him, is remembering his grisly schooldays; and the play as a whole is considerably better than appears from its production, which lacks subtlety, variety, guile and humour.

Ron Daniels's revival of *Romeo* is unevenly acted, too, but effective at suggesting a turbulent, delinquent environment: its Mercutio loud and gauche, braying at his own jokes; its Tybalt, slouching and swaggering across the stage; its Benvolio a slovenly adolescent, hands in pockets, throwing out 'tut, man' as his modern equivalent might 'shit, man'; Renaissance football chants during the duels. Anton Lesser's peppy, restless Romeo seems very much a creature of the place, and reacts to Cupid's darts like the inexperienced boy he is, variously squirming, twitching, gasping, cradling himself, and wincing as if zapped by a laser-beam. But not everything he tries comes off, and, more importantly, he doesn't suggest that he feels more for Judy Buxton's Juliet (herself apt to be hoarse of voice and stiff of shoulder, but always sweetly serious, even grave) than a violent calf-love, or calf-lust. 'He doesn't want marriage,' declared my neighbour, an eminent Shakespeare scholar, 'He wants to fuck her arse off.' Precisely so.

Films

John Coleman

Rough Magic

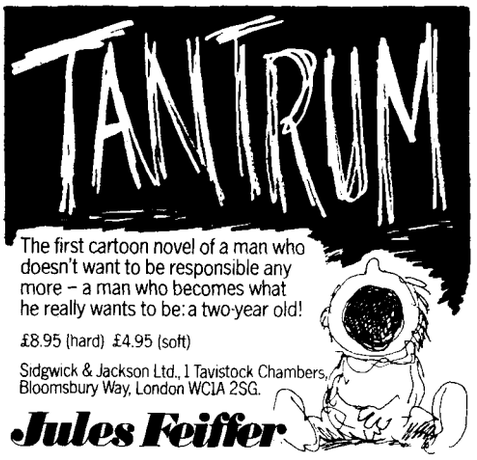
The Tempest (AA) *Screen on the Hill*
Knife in the Head (AA) *Paris Pullman*
The Jerk (AA) *Ritz; ABC Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Road*
1941 (A) *Leicester Square Theatre*
Mission Galactica: The Cylon Attack (U) *Empire*

Does anyone still believe *The Tempest* to be a serene affair, the Bard signing off on a note of mature reconciliation? One takes leave to doubt it — there are too many harsh strains, discordancies unresolved within the text, for that. And so Derek Jarman's highly idiosyncratic adaptation for the screen, with a much younger Prospero than usual (moody Heathcote Williams, actor and magician) and he and his small entourage wandering round a dark castle (actually Stoneleigh Abbey in Warwickshire) illuminated by blazing fires and great clusters of candles, may — at least, in part — be justified. Inevitably, Jarman has cut Shakespeare's superb if enigmatic late play to the bone but what he has retained is fairly faithful to the original, more so than one had anticipated. In all honesty, I should say that I came to this film with the gloomiest forebodings (neither the campy *Sebastiane* nor the punk *Jubilee* having inspired me with confidence or interest in Jarman's sensationalist procedures) and left in a slightly better frame of mind. The verse, admittedly spoken with a broad range of regional accents, is clearly delivered, making sense. The economical shipwreck scraps of the beginning and the beach scenes — notably where Ferdinand staggers ashore naked — are blue-filtered and effective. And, perhaps best of all, chalk-faced, boiler-suited Karl Johnson brings to the role of Ariel a knowingness at once wistful and cynical. Other inventive touches, available to the cinema alone, find this Ariel tugging at a door preparatory to exit, then — with a shrug — just vanishing; Prospero extending a mirror to Miranda (Toyah Willcox), the reflected image showing her as a little girl.

Against these successes, however, must surely be set a few controversial and several downright flash and silly notions. In the first category would come Jack Birkett's tiresomely guffawing Caliban, bald and grimy-toothed but no 'freckled whelp hag-born' (and a flashback to 'the foul witch Sycorax' — copious, nude Claire Davenport — nurturing him); Miranda's hyped-up sexuality (she giggles, having turfed Caliban out while she was taking a bath); Prospero's explicit cruelty, rocking a foot heavily on a prostrate Caliban's hand. The — to me — inexcusable interventions are epitomised in a tawdry slam-bang finale with the ageless Elisabeth Welch singing 'Stormy Weather' as white-garbed sailors dance aimlessly and confetti showers down. *Then* one recalls that Derek Jarman designed the sets for a couple of films by Ken Russell, another supreme vulgarian.

Reinhard Hauff's *Knife in the Head,* as most of my colleagues have pointed out, benefits enormously from the central performance of Bruno Ganz as an innocent biogeneticist, Hoffman, shot in the head by a trigger-happy young cop. Visiting a left-wing youth centre to see his estranged wife, he runs into a police raid. The film is, of course, 'about' violence and political suppression (it opens with Ganz staring bleakly into the night, muttering, 'An American in my situation would just start shooting out of the window'), the wife's activist lover is jailed and then picked up again by the police, Hoffman himself is persecuted in hospital as a terrorist. The probably rigged claim is that he stabbed the man who shot him. Meanwhile, he has to re-learn everything: speech, his past, the use of his limbs. What no one seems to have mentioned is that some of this is drily funny, as he pops his tongue out with pills still on it or asks his nurse to strip as a memory-jog about women: she displays a breast and he looks cunning — 'You're lying. There were two'. Offered a chocolate in a hospital lift, as he makes a temporary escape, he accepts it and then gravely pops it in the donor's mouth as he gets out.

Hoffman's case is used for his own ends by the activist-lover and, on his final release from hospital, Hoffman discovers too late for his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inner peace that he is no longer of interest to the melodramatically sinister inspector who has pestered him. We are left, then, with an even more melo ending, a confrontation with the 'stabbed' policeman at his flat, Hoffman gun in hand — and a freeze. Very well, it is fashionable to keep an audience guessing; but Hauff has maybe overdone it elsewhere; in the uncertainty over why or whether the Ganz-character is being framed, for instance. But it is one to see, if only for Ganz's subtle and finely detailed portrayal of a man a-mending.

Carl Reiner's *The Jerk* stars Steve Martin (a big deal on TV and records in the States, but new to me), who looks more than somewhat like a younger Sam Wanamaker and here plays simple-minded Navin, reared by black Mississippi sharecroppers and one fine day out into the world to make his fortune. Some kind of satire on a consumer culture is obviously intended to hold together what is essentially a string of gags and sketches, ranging from hilarious to lousy. Working in a gas station, Navin attaches a hold-up gang's car to a church, which they then proceed to haul away. As a carnival weight-guesser, he gets heavily into sex with a domineering stunt-woman motorcyclist: back home, his adoptive parents rejoice when he writes of the promise of more work, a blow-job in the offing. And so it goes. A cablese return to Spielberg's *1941*, meat for an elephant's cemetery. Post-Pearl Harbour hysteria; super opening joke after *Jaws* with nude woman swimmer hoisted on surfacing Japanese sub's mast; John Belushi as mad, murderous pilot funny *passim;* nice bit as 'General Stilwell' tries weepily to watch *Dumbo;* good jitterbug contest; the rest not silence but noise and large-scale destruction of everything, including (temporarily) faith in Spielberg. *Mission Galactica* looks like two TV films laid side by side. R.I.P.

Television

Julian Barnes

Tuft on the Chin

Beware of the beard on the face of the man in the moon: that was the lesson of this week's *Credo* (LWT), which interviewed Eldridge Cleaver. A couple of years ago, the former Black Panther leader revealed, he had been sitting in a flat in the South of France, fondling a gun and wondering whether to shoot himself. He looked at the moon and saw a shadow on it: 'that shadow began to be an image of myself.' He wished he had known more 'folklore' in order to interpret the phenomenon. Then, the image moved into a shifting sequence of the faces of Cleaver's former idols — Marx, Lenin, Mao, Castro — and he spotted that what they all had in common was a beard (Mao?). Suddenly, the image shifted again, into that of a new hero, also bearded: Jesus Christ. Cleaver, who had put down the gun by this point, returned shortly afterwards to the United States, to arrest and a (perhaps lucky) probation. The revolutionary tuft on his chin has since disappeared, and he now plans a merely moustachioed future as a Bible-puncher.

Cleaver's life, from recidivist to Panther revolutionary to Christian convert, could be viewed as a tormented progress reflecting the multifarious nature of social reality in our time; or it could be viewed as the progress of a man who constantly, remorselessly kept getting it all wrong. However much one felt civic relief that Cleaver had vaguely seen through a few things — he was disillusioned with Cuba because people had 'no input into the decision-making process' — it was hard to feel too much personal sympathy for him. This Christian convert reflected on his earlier crimes in a vaunting, contented way, as if he had been programmed at some stage by a wonky sociologist. Asked about his record as a rapist, he explained self-fascinatedly how 'that had to do with my trying to understand women from a sexual point of view . . . I wanted to know how women reacted under various circumstances . . . It was like cutting through red tape.' This must have been a comfort to his revolutionary victims, all of whom were white; and Cleaver had a disgustingly pat little explanation for this too: 'I was very concerned to see how deep the rejection of blacks by whites would go.' And do you know, this rejection actually went so deep as to include not enjoying being raped?

Cleaver, in his time, was the nearest America came to having an official dissident (though the word does him too much honour). One of the Soviet Union's more celebrated dissidents, Vladimir Bukovsky, was the subject of the first of *The Levin Interviews* (BBC-2), and the difference in stature was immediately apparent. Scrupulously handled by Levin (though a question about Afghanistan would have been welcome), Bukovksy spoke in an unemphatic, unmartyred, and totally convincing fashion. He had the credentials, whereas Cleaver didn't. Cleaver may have served his time in the pen, but he got there for being a thief, gangster and rapist. Bukovsky got his first sentence for having in his possession a hand-written copy of a book by Djilas. The state which declares ownership of a book to be a criminal offence, and sentences the owner to 15 months in a lunatic asylum, confers a deal of moral superiority on its victim.

Not that Bukovsky drew on it. He offered no Solzhenitsyn-style jeremiad. Asked what he thought of the West, he declined to applaud or condemn us, merely noted our plentiful (and unappreciated) material goods, and pointed out soberly that people, here as there, are much the same, as good and as bad. This wasn't ducking out: the optimistic inference points to a realistic hope of greater freedom in the East; the pessimistic one to the equally plausible loss of what we in the West already have.

The Imitation Game, as explained by its inventor in Ian McEwan's play (BBC-2), is played by a man, a woman and an interrogator connected to them only by teleprinter: the interrogator has to guess from their answers (which may be false) the sex of the respondent. The game, presumably, can b played for real: if you assess men and wome according to their abilities, and without fir identifying them sexually, much of the tim you may find one as competent as the othe McEwan set his fierce and wise play in 194(the historical setting both accentuated th characters' naturally assumed sex roles, an provided in the main subject of discussion - war — an activity in which women are esse tial but men get the most praised role, killers. Both these factors allowed the play take the weight of a strong feminist them without overburdening it.

Harriet Walter as Cathy, the ATS radi operator who ends up at Bletchley Park, mac the getting of wisdom painfully plausible. H Mosleyite father bullies away; her boyfrier patronises her (he boasts of signing the O ficial Secrets Act; she is the one who does sc fellow-ATS are puzzled by her, and in the turn misunderstood by men (despised as loos they are in fact very puritanical); while a ATS officer delivers a mind-shrivelling lectu putting down her own sex. Ms Walter portrayal of a girl constantly expressing h burgeoning interest in things to uninterest males, a girl stubborn enough to questi things, yet lacking enough knowledge or su port to come up with more than tentati answers, was unimprovably good; it's hard imagine McEwan's play being better serv than by director Richard Eyre and his cast.

As a play it was excellently paced, touchi and surprisingly droll; as an argument blended cleanly public and private femir themes. The only point at which it wave was at the very end; for me, the climax of play came naturally when Cathy whispered Turner, the seducing cryptographer, 'Y know all the secrets', quietly yet una biguously knotting together public and priv patriarchy. The officer's subsequent spe before locking up Cathy was necessary for plot; but her protesting reply, even thou deliberately tentative, came across as thumpingly authorial. Ms Walter salvage without any trouble; but then you felt, fr her strong, subtle performance, that she co have salvaged the *Titanic.*

Among this week's contributors:

KERRY SCHOTT teaches economics at University College, London.

Formerly a social worker and a teacher, DOROTHY WEDGE is now an Educational Visitor in an inner-city area.

JANE STEEDMAN is a Research Officer at the National Children's Bureau (an independent voluntary organisation concerned widely with children's needs in the home, school and society).

Weekend Competitio

No 2615 **Set by Henry Hethering**

Remember Adlestrop? Today's waiting periences might produce a rather diffe kind of verse. Poetic reflections, of up tc lines each, on lingering in air-ports, in c tors' waiting-rooms, etc. By 16 May.

No 2612 **Set by Snul**

Subtly belittling reviews, obits, etc.

Report **By Mercy D**

My very first week, and all I get is four l Not much room for you either. But ther asked for subtlety and subtlety, by and la we didn't get. Seven quid each.

The precise relationship between poetic stimulu consumer behaviour is still a matter of d among psychologists. Intense controversy aroused by Von Kant's dramatic evidence ting to the links between verse and retail prefe A sample of schoolchildren in Esher. was di into two groups. The first was subjected to pe of intense nursery rhyme sensation and the s deprived of all verse stimulus. At the end of a

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the first group (which had been played repeated recordings of Humpty Dumpty) showed during supermarket tests a marked disinclination to purchase eggs. The second group by contrast demonstrated no anxiety about purchase even when faced with a broken-egg situation. Thus, whatever the claims for Wordsworth's status as a major 19th-century poetic genius, his contribution to daffodil sales in the English-speaking world may, in the final analysis, prove to be his most lasting achievement.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

I have come to regard Sir Harold Wilson as the lost Mikoyan of British politics. While the general merit of his performance as Prime Minister should not be entirely discounted, many informed assessments of his career increasingly stress his accomplishments at the Board of Trade under Attlee. I have never supported the common view that Wilson was basically a timber man, although his close association with a Manchester timber firm did give him the sort of background this country needed at a time when the supply of hardwood for the building industry was particularly critical. For my money, Sir Harold was one of the shrewdest commercial brains in the PLP, and had the Ground Nuts Scheme really taken off, he would have been the obvious choice to have masterminded the enterprise.

RUSSELL LUCAS

The poetry, the satire and the scholarship — like the dalliance — belonged to Donne's youth: to his maturity, God. To think of Donne as the Billy Graham of his day, though, would be as misleading as to picture him as an Anglicanised Ayatollah; yet the charismatic power of his preaching seems to have had more in common with the mystic east or the evangelical Mid-west of America than with the Church of England, high or low. But never was a Church better served by one of her preachers. After his death, Donne's sermons were published and were so popular that the writing of homilies became a flourishing branch of literature. Many a clergyman, desperate for a sermon for Matins, can thank Dean Donne's example that he has to hand dozens, both ancient and modern, to choose from.

MAY DAY

Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, certainly the most eminent son ever born to an eye and ear surgeon, and the one of the most extravagant nomenclature, will be remembered not only as a devout Catholic, but as inspiration for the most witty illustrations ever to grace *Punch*'s pages. As husband and father, he was unparallelled; as Greek scholar, his name lives as recipient of the Berkeley Gold Medal. Nor was he without social conscience; he campaigned arduously for prison reform, labouring hard to rid our country of iniquitous incarceration. Some may recall lesser, but equally memorable aspects — his popularisation of the sunflower, his receipt of the most majestically misspelt message eyer sent by a marquess. But for most, he will always be the man on whom W. S. Gilbert modelled Archibald Grosvenor for the opera *Patience*.

BILL GREENWELL

Tony Miles

Chess

No 178 **January Problems**

The January problems were a mixed set with a few points of interest.

Problem 161 (7r/3Q1p1p/p4kpl/3p4/4pB2/1N1qP3/P4PPP/2b3K1) came from the game Andersson-Lukov, Buenos Aires (Clarin) 79. The Swedish GM had played with uncharacteristic aggression to reach this position but now reverted to type with the feeble 1.Q-B6ch, K-N2; 2.B-K5ch, K-R3; 3.QxB and after . . . R-QB1! Black eventually salvaged a draw.

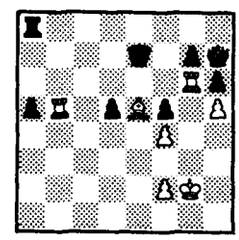
While annotating the game for the tournament book (available, incidentally, at £2.75 including postage, from The Chess Player, Carlton, Nottingham) it occurred to me that Ulf missed a beautiful win with 1.B-K5ch! KxB (. . . K-N4; 2.P-R4ch is hopeless); 2.Q-K7ch, K-B4; 3.N-Q4ch, K-N5 (. . . Q×N also holds no hope); 4.P-R3ch, K-R4; 5. P-N4ch, K-R3; 6.N-B5ch! P×N; 7.Q-B6 mate. Perhaps there are other ways to win — one suggestion was 1.Q-Q6ch, K-N2; 2. Q-K5ch, R-N1; 3.P-KR4 with a vicious attack — and if they worked credit was given, but my solution was surely the most elegant!

Problem 162 (8/1p5n/7k/2P5/3p4/3P4/K7/8) was something I like — a study with a hole in it. Unfortunately I missed the hole when I set it! The 'solution' is 1.K-N3, N-N4; 2.K-B4, N-B6; 3.K-Q5, K-N4; 4.K-K4, R-N5; 5. P-B6! PxP stalemate! Very nice but in reality the whole thing is just a cheap trap. If Black ignores the knight and plays 4. . . K-B3! after 5.KxN, K-K4 he has a trivial K + P ending win! My congratulations to Messrs Taylor and Cornforth on being the only two entrants to spot this.

Problem 163 (4r3/p7/1p6/1K1B4/1P6/8/5k2/8) is another endgame study — and this one seems to work. The main line is 1.K-R6, R-K2; 2.B-N7! (not 2.P-N5, K-B6; 2.B-N7, K-Q5 and the king gets back in time), RxB (if . . . K-K6; 3.KxP, R-K3; 4.K-R6, K-Q5; 5.K-N5 followed by B-B6 drawing); 3.P-N5!! R-N1 (R anywhere else is stalemate!); 4.KxP, R-KR1; 5. KxP with a standard draw. Messrs Sobey and Taylor improve the solution slightly with the finesse 1. . . R-K4 with the idea of 2.B-N7, K-K6; 3.KxP, R-QN4! But here I contribute my own counter-finesse of 4.B-R6! (but not 4.B-B6, RxP; 5.K-R6, K-Q5 and . . . K-B4), KxP; 5.K-N7! followed by K-B6 saving White's bacon. In any case White also holds with 2.B-B6 when Mr Taylor just transposes to the main line with . . . R-K2; 3.B-N7 etc. Mr Sobey, however, suggests 2. . . R-K3; 3.B-Q7!? (but P-N5 draws instantly), R-K2; 4.P-N5! (at last getting back to the theme) K-K6 (RxB is stalemate); 5.KxP, RxBch; 6.KxP and White still draws — just — vis . . . K-Q5; 7.K-B6, R-KR2; 8.P-N6, R-R3ch; 9.K-B7, K-B4; 10.P-N7, R-R2ch; 11.K-N8, K-N3; 12.K-R8, RxP (Sobey) just to keep the stalemate theme.

Problem 164 (3rlK/pppb2pp/8/3q4/2N5/P1P2nQ1/BP2R2P/R6K) was the pretty finish of the game Barle-Jelen, Bled-Portoroz 79. Fortunately all solvers were able to deduce that the bishop on d7 is black, and not white as printed. (Incidentally, in the game Black has another rook on n8, but then he was winning easily anyway so I removed it!) The end went 1. . . N-K8ch! 2.K-N1, Q-R8ch!! 3.KxQ, R-B8ch; 4.Q-N1, B-B6ch mating. January winners:- first, Mr J.D. Taylor £14, second equal, Messrs Cornforth, Deshmukh, McSheehy, Sahasrabudhe, Sobey and Thorat £6 each.

Problem 178



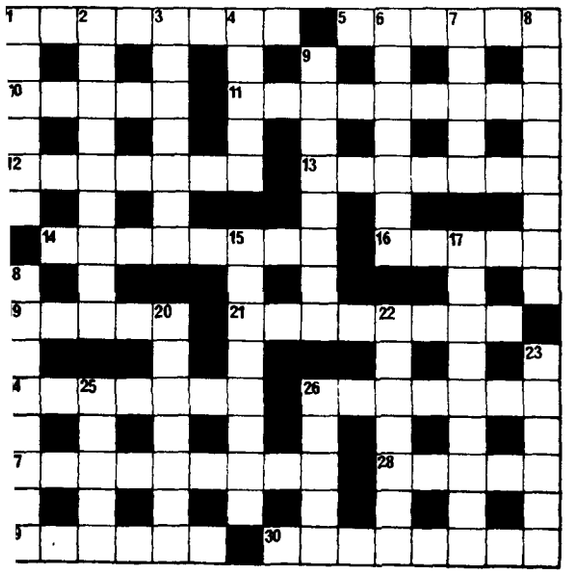
White to play is clearly behind on material (he could regain the Q with 1.RxNPch but the QRP would decide). However, he has some pressure on the kingside. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 14 May.

Solution to problem 176

(e) 1.P-QB5! is the only way to a clear advantage. The game continued . . . N-K3; 2.N-R7! NxQBP! 3.N-B6, N-R5; 4.R-N3, N-B6! 5.NxR(Q1)! NxR; 6.NxNP! N-Q7; 7.R-QB3! with a winning (I think) positional plus. Further analysis later.

Weekend Crossword 1341

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1341, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 13 May.



ACROSS

1 There is danger in swift preparation of medicine (8).
5 Coolness shown when one's pal gets involved with a mob (6).
10 Lions' play? (5).
11 Curiously atrophied goddess (9).
12 Game for poor players (7).
13 Royal family upper-class in origin? (7).
14 Nobleman who puts the accent on spoil (8).
16 Marbles winner? (5).
19 Fellow holding the east to be of little value (5).
21 May be experienced with gratitude by the constant (8).
24 Kind of clue in which one animal holds another (7).
26 Country a foot away from the sea (7).
27 Where a lion is upset by a child (9).
28 A big hit for a winter sportsman (5).
29 Corrects me in finals (6).
30 Put the river in cups to make waves (8).

DOWN

1 Where people are married in couples? (6).
2 Foreshadow a silent speed (9).
3 Assembling when the master-singers perform? (7).
4 Applause given when a large number of circuits is completed (5).
6 Make for the leader (7).
7 Right above this tree it would be brighter (5).
8 The cause of happiness is not so much in the singer (8).
9 Speedy removers of hair? (8).
15 An Athenian in no matter which element (8).
17 Shock when the vehicle is in a high wind (9).
18 Game which brings science to the lowest classes (8).
20 Conditionally released for a part in the paper (7).
22 Is a name written incorrectly because of this ailment? (7).
23 Worships and dares madly embrace love (6).
25 Move to shift the blame (5).
26 Aptitude shown when one is just about fifty (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1340

C	O	L	O	R	A	D	O	S	P	R	I	N	G	S
A		O		E		U		I		A		U		W
P	A	L	A	D	I	N		R	I	C	A	R	D	O
A		L		L		E		O		E		T		R
B	R	I	D	E		D	A	C	H	S	H	U	N	D
I		N		T		I		C				R		O
L	I	G	H	T	E	N		O	N	E	S	E	L	F
I				E						C				D
T	A	P	E	R	E	D		C	R	O	A	T	I	A
Y		I				R		A		N		S		M
B	A	N	I	S	T	E	R	S		O	T	A	G	O
R		E		E		S		H		M		R		C
O	R	L	E	A	N	S		I	N	I	T	I	A	L
W		O		T		U		E		S		N		E
N	E	G	R	O	S	P	I	R	I	T	U	A	L	S

Solution to No 1340

The Foxes (Singapore)
Mrs B. M. Gillson (High Wycombe)
Paul Melebeck (Seraing)

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Appointments

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The Legal Department was established just two years ago to help full-time and lay union officers deal with the legal problems of members; to assist with the processing of applications for union legal aid; to liaise with the union's appointed firms of solicitors; to provide briefing material for the National Executive Committee and Officers, and to contribute to union education. The Department works closely with the union's other specialist departments – e.g. research, education, editorial.

The assistant legal officer position is a newly established post arising from a substantial growth in the Department's work, which to date has been carried out by the legal officer with administrative backup. We are looking for someone with qualifications in law (preferably a solicitor or barrister, but we would consider a legal executive or person with a suitable academic background in law) and work experience in at least one of the following areas:

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personal injury work

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Britain's Health Service Union

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Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

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Closing date: 12th May, 1980.

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for an informal discussion, or write to
the Director, 255 Kentish Town Road, NW5,
for application form and further details.

The worker would be based at our office in Kentish Town, London NW5.

The closing date for applications is
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Department of History, Philosophy and European Studies,
Polytechnic of North London,
Prince of Wales Road, NW5.

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Applicants will be required to submit, with their application, a proposal outlining the research they propose to undertake, and should provide copies of their written work.

Application forms and further particulars can be obtained from

The Administrative Officer, SSRC Industrial Relations Research Unit, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL,

to whom the completed applications should be submitted.

Closing date: **23 May 1980.**

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Assessor

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EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 8 May 1 p.m. yn French, author of 'The Women's Room' sses her new book 'The Bleeding Heart'. £1. 0 3647.

MAS HARDY SOCIETY: James Gibson and alcon on 'Far From the Madding Crowd' and y's poetry. Saturday, 10 May, 2.30 p.m., at City Lit., Stukeley St, Drury Lane, WC2. Adon: £1 at door.

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* Ten years of debate have produced a consensus in Wales on the Welsh Channel policy — local authorities, Government Reports, Wales TUC, religious denominations and every political party at the last election. The Government has no mandate to ignore this consensus.

We call on Merlyn Rees and the Labour Members:

* **To table an unequivocal amendment to the Broadcasting Bill placing Welsh language programmes on one channel.**
* **Unless the amendment is accepted, to vote against the Government's Bill in order to show that the Labour Party is prepared to honour its election promise and the faith of its Welsh voters**

Please write to Mr Rees, write to your MP. You don't have to be Welsh. Social justice and social harmony are indivisible.

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What's been done so far

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Food: 13,113 tonnes of rice, maize, milk powder, sugar and oil

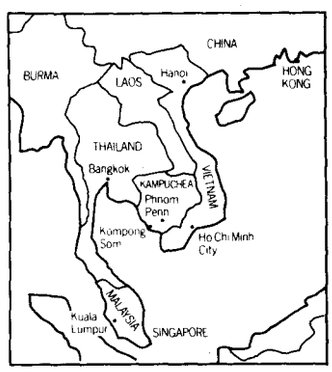
Seeds: Over 4,000 tonnes of rice and other seeds

Transport: 90 Leyland 7 ton trucks, 8 Land-rovers, 8 forklifts and a ferry

And much else besides. Not everything has gone smoothly. The state of the roads, shortage of transport, lack of administrative facilities or trained personnel has involved inevitable bottle-necks. Despite this, the distribution (especially of the vital food) has gone remarkably well.

Much more needs to be done

With the last harvest only 20 percent of its usual size, the needs are still enormous and the threat of famine looms. The next month will be a race against time to plant as many acres for the main crop as possible. Thousands of tonnes of seeds are now being rushed in with all the necessary tools and fertilizers. This will include sprayers, insecticides, pesticides, pump sets, 100,000 hoe heads, 200 bicycles and 75 mopeds.



Additionally, supplies of outboard motors for fishing boats will be sent.

Further support for factories making the basic necessities such as cloth, plastics, fish net, tyres, shoes and soap will be given.

Finally the success of much of this will depend on efficient transportation. We will be improving river ferries, ports and sending more trucks.

In fact, over the next four months a further 12 barges loaded with supplies are planned to carry this and other supplies.

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Please tell me how I can help. ☐

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